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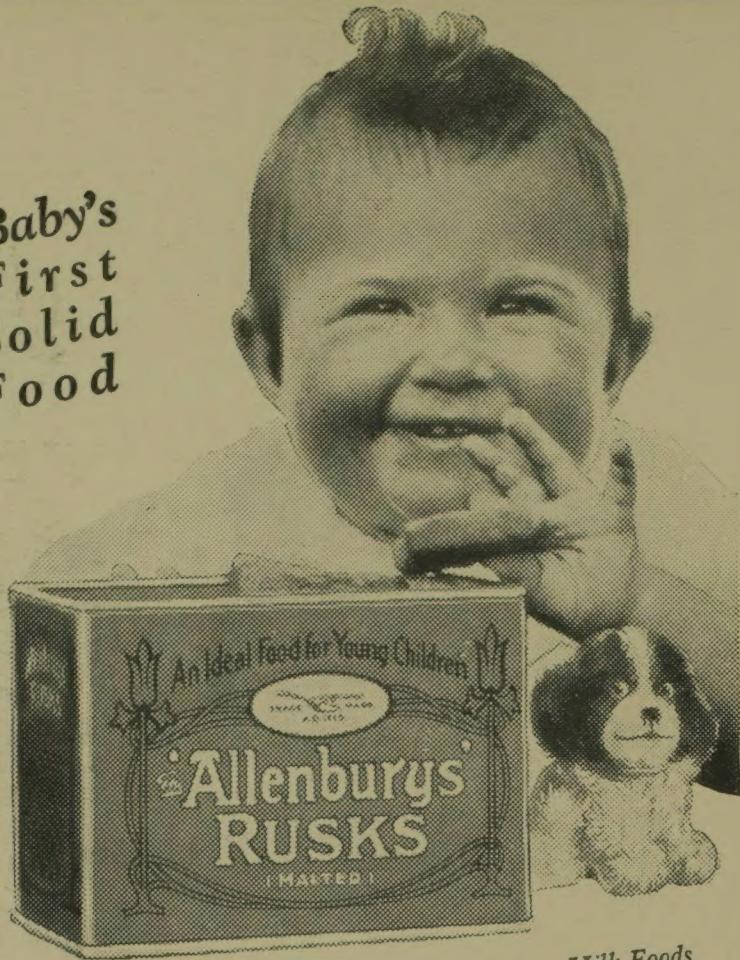
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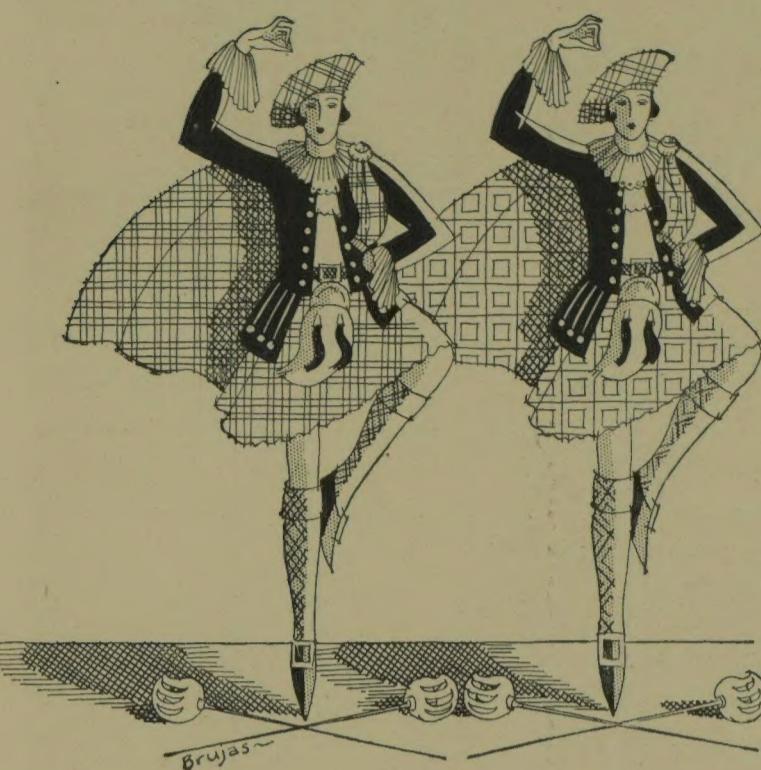
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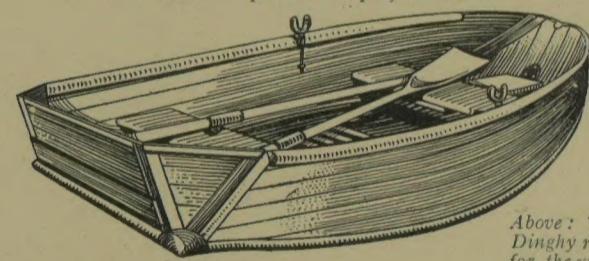
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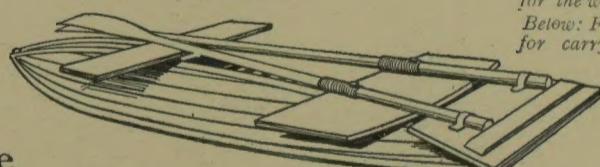
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 And if he heard another's story
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 So, if one had a new edition
 He viewed the rest with deep suspicion
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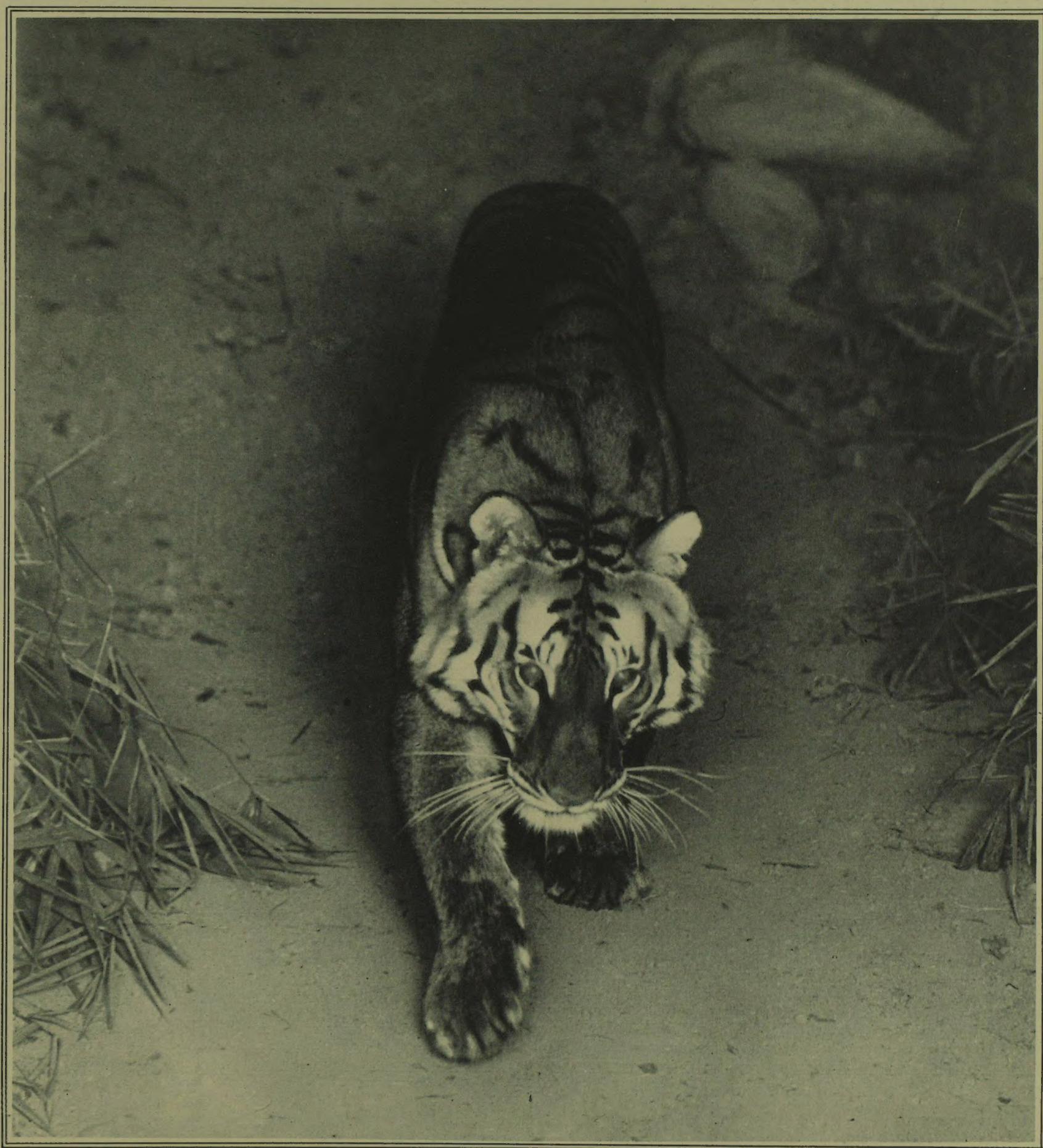
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1929.

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A WILD TIGER IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SECOND TIME AFTER FOUR YEARS:
THE VERY ANIMAL WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARED IN OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 3, 1925.

"This photograph," writes Mr. F. W. Champion, the first photographer to take tigers in their native haunts, "is of special interest to readers of 'The Illustrated London News,' as it portrays the very same tiger whose picture appeared on the front page of the issue of October 3, 1925—the first tiger I ever succeeded in photographing. It is a very fine beast, with sufficient cunning to have escaped from the numerous shooting parties which have since visited its home. . . . It is now in the prime of life, and its moustaches are par-

ticularly striking. As it grows older the moustaches will become smaller, and at last practically disappear, while the stripes will become fewer and fainter in colour. This tiger is probably about 10 ft. long. Old-time shikar books contain records of tigers of 11 ft., and even 12 ft.; but it is moderately certain that nowadays, except possibly for an occasional freak, no tigers exist in India which measure more than about 10 ft. 6 in. from end of nose to tip of tail." Further big-game photographs by Mr. Champion appear on pages 742-743.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION, INDIAN FOREST SERVICE, AUTHOR OF "WITH A CAMERA IN TIGER-LAND."

MAN-KILLERS "SHOT" BY CAMERA AT CLOSE RANGE IN THEIR NATIVE JUNGLE: REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. "SUDDEN, SILENT, AND SAVAGE, SEARING AS FLAME THE BLOW": A SLOTH-BEAR ON THE PROWL AT NIGHT—AN INDIAN JUNGLE ANIMAL WHICH, WHEN SURPRISED, OWING TO ITS BAD SIGHT AND HEARING, ATTACKS HUMAN BEINGS MOST MURDEROUSLY, SOMETIMES COMPLETELY SCALPING OR BLINDING THEM.

In an illustrated article entitled "The First Photographs of Tigers in their Natural Haunts," published in our issue of October 3, 1925, Mr. F. W. Champion described in detail his method of obtaining such photographs, by flashlight, at night in the Indian jungle. Here and on our front page we give further examples of his wonderful results, not only with tigers, but other big-game. His notes on the photographs reproduced here are as follows: "(1) The common Indian black bears (the sloth-bear and the Himalayan black bear), as, except the rare man-eating tigers and leopards, by far the most dangerous wild animals in India to the unarmed jungle villagers and forest employees. They are not ordinarily man-killers or vicious by intent, but they have very bad eyesight and hearing, and thus do not see or hear people coming. Then, when they are suddenly surprised, they tend to lose their heads completely, and make most murderous assaults in their confusion. They often attack the face, sometimes completely scalping their victims or destroying their eyesight. They then leave the poor wretches in a condition almost worse than death. Such a case has been most vividly described by Kipling in his well-known verse—'Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—Faoless! I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago. I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den. He left me blind to the darkened years and the little mercy of men.' Recently sloth bears have mauled and maimed so many people in the forests of Oudh that Government has placed a reward of about

£2 on their heads. (2) Leopards are very common all over India, where they are very destructive to village cattle, wild deer, and dogs. In some forest tracts the protection afforded to wild animals by the Forest Department has resulted in the numbers of deer becoming excessive. In such places leopards serve a very useful purpose in keeping the numbers of deer within bounds, and thus preserve the balance of Nature. Leopards occasionally develop into man-eaters, in which case they become, if possible, even worse than man-eating tigers. (3) This picture shows a view of a tigress gliding through a very picturesque part of the jungle as she was hunting by night. Those who study wild animals in their native haunts often have cause to doubt a good many of the theories and statements made by museum naturalists on the subject of 'protective mimicry' and 'protective coloration.' Although a tiger's vertical black stripes are supposed to resemble the stalks and shadows in long grass jungle, many tigers never go anywhere near such grass or reeds, and are at times astonishingly conspicuous among the vividly green tropical forests. Green is the predominant colour in most jungles inhabited by tigers, so that, if the theory be true, this colour should surely be represented in the colour schemes of tigers and other four-footed animals? A tiger has nothing to fear from any creature except man, so that protective colouring is not required, whereas he hunts by locating his prey by sight or sound, and then stalks it by making use of cover, in which case his colour can be of

(Continued opposite)



2. MORE DEADLY THAN THE TIGER IF, AS SOMETIMES HAPPENS, IT SHOULD DEVELOP A TASTE FOR MAN-EATING: THE LEOPARD—A LARGE MALE SPECIMEN RETURNING AFTER A DRINK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.



3. A TIGRESS GLIDING THROUGH A VERY PICTURESQUE PART OF THE JUNGLE WHILE SHE WAS HUNTING BY NIGHT: A REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH THAT RAISES INTERESTING QUESTIONS AS TO THE VALUE OF A STRIPED COLORATION TO AN ANIMAL WHICH STALKS ITS PREY CHIEFLY IN THE DARK.

(Continued.)
little importance. Also he does most of his hunting by night, when all colours appear much the same—to human eyes, at any rate. Certainly protective coloration or mimicry can be of little value to any animal except when it is quite motionless."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. CHAMPION, OF THE INDIAN FOREST SERVICE, AUTHOR OF "WITH A CAMERA IN TIGER-LAND."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I MENTIONED lately on this page a neglected class of falsehoods that may be called the fables of the sceptics. They are popular legends that have got themselves believed, simply because they were directed against believers. Mr. St. John Ervine, in his innocence, fell publicly into one of these pits dug for the unwary, only the other day. In an article on "England," he repeated the absurd fable of Gibbon that a fraudulent contractor whose name happened to be George, and who was by religion an Arian, was identical with St. George the Martyr, who has become the patron of chivalry and of the English nation. The notion is rather less sensible than supposing that the hero glorified by the Jews as Judas Maccabaeus was nobody more reputable than Judas Iscariot. To say the least, it would be as reasonable to play this trick about St. Jude as about St. George. Not very much is known about the real St. George: nor, for that matter, about the real St. Jude. We might say that nothing is known about them except that they were both ready to die for their religion, which some are so romantic as to regard as an indication of character. But everybody knows that the Twelve Apostles, after the Crucifixion, would be likely to know the difference between Jude and Judas. And everybody knows, or ought to know, that the Church, in the thick of the Arian quarrel, would be likely to know the difference between an Arian heretic and an orthodox martyr. Even those who think, in their broad-minded way, that the Early Church would have a natural taste for swindlers would be the first to admit that it would not be likely to have a natural taste for schismatics.

But in any case, as a matter of fact, those who have taken the trouble to trace Gibbon's famous fancy to its origin (for it cannot be called its authority) have been amazed at the impudence of the great historian in taking such an assertion from so late and trivial and utterly irresponsible a source. His motive, of course, was simple and characteristic enough. He thought that the passing mention of this tenth-rate rumour might slightly damage Christianity, which he hated, and chivalry, which he hated still more. Indeed, he disliked every form of enthusiasm, apparently including romantic love and the French Revolution; but the cold hatred which was his only passion was generally more cunning than it was in this clumsy fabrication about St. George. If he had simply said that St. George the Martyr is so dim and doubtful a figure that he may very well have been a myth, he would have been talking some sort of sense, from his own secular and sceptical point of view; and it might have been possible to defend that view. In one sense, doubtless, St. George is a myth. St. George in mediæval armour, running a lance through a highly mediæval dragon, is what some call a myth; and a

very glorious and magnificent myth, too. I cannot see how there can be any proof that the Roman soldier recorded as being martyred by Diocletian was a myth. There must have been any number of Roman soldiers martyred in that manner; and why not a soldier named George? But, however this may be, what Gibbon wrote and Mr. St. John Ervine repeated, is all nonsense. As I have said of the other parallels, it is very much as if somebody were to say quite wantonly, out of the air, that the person called Simon Magus can only have been Simon Peter.

Mr. St. John Ervine adds the rather curious remark that George was a fraudulent contractor, but that "we" in England turned him into a gentleman.

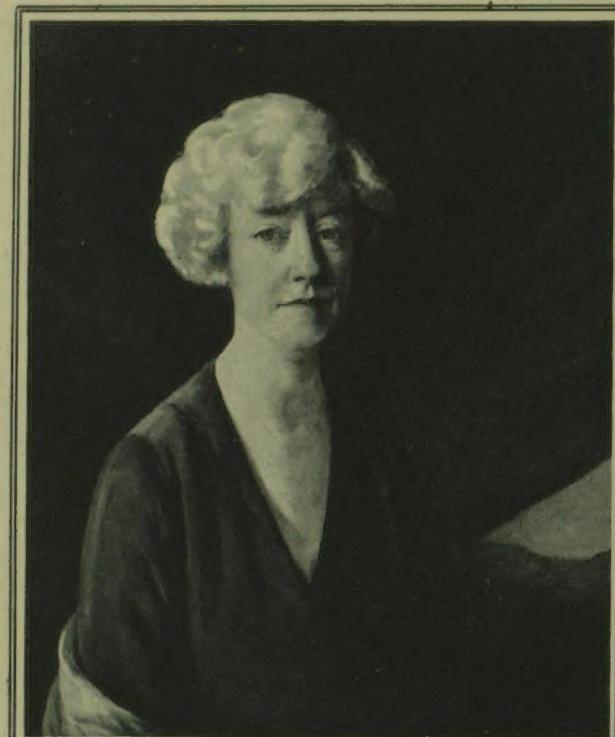
The remark has a rather bitter irony which Mr. Ervine does not intend. Those acquainted with our Parliament, our politicians, our sale of peerages, and the

certain mediæval kings, who talked in French though they ruled in England, put their kingdom under the special protection of the patron of chivalry. The very glorious part played by English knights in the Crusades and other mediæval conflicts naturally made the patronage not only popular, but more and more national. "We" have certainly every right to be proud of the way in which our own patriotism developed the cult of St. George. But I fancy that Berengaria of Navarre, let us say, would have been rather surprised if Richard Cœur de Lion had told her (in French) that St. George was now a gentleman, because gentlemen were only manufactured in England.

I think that the point is worth a gentle protest, because, as I wrote here recently, there seems to me a real danger that the World War, so far from ending in a World State, may end in some of the nations becoming even more narrow and insular than they were before. Now I know no better symbol of the true national divisions, as distinct from the blind and barbarous national divisions, than the old tradition

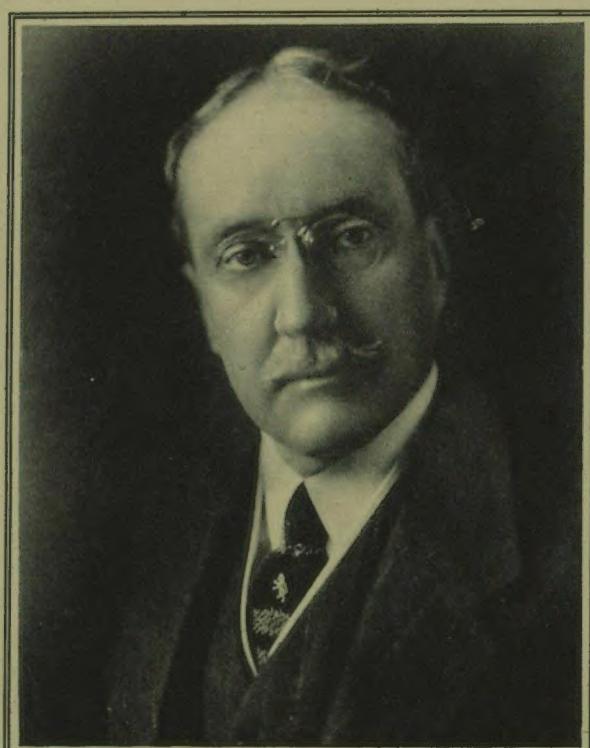
of patron saints and of the Seven Champions of Christendom. It seems to me that there is all the difference between a difference of nations with different patron saints and a mere difference of tribes with different gods or demons. The cult of St. George was not the same as the cult of St. Denis; there might be, and there often was, a quarrel between the followers of St. George and the followers of St. Denis. But neither of them thought there was a quarrel between St. Denis and St. George. Neither of them thought that, at the back of everything, there was a real cleavage among the sacred powers helping humanity, a crack in the sky. Both of them thought that there was ultimately a common basis and a common court of appeal. Now that, I imagine, quite apart from theology, is what

most sane and generous people would like to see in the international relations to-day. Only a very perverse school of prigs really wish to get rid of the emotion of patriotism. But only a very vulgar and dangerous school of Jingoes want to have the sort of national isolation which imagines that noble or normal ideas, like that of chivalry, can only be produced within their own borders. The ideal we really need to-day is exactly that presented in the legend of the Seven Champions: the knights are different, their stories are different, their characters are different, even their faults and failures are different; but they are all, or ought to be, fighting on the same side. I am at least as much devoted to England as Mr. St. John Ervine can be; but I think he will understand why I deprecate the suggestion that the patron of chivalry was only a foreign swindler until he became an Englishman. While we all commend the nations to God, I am very willing to commend myself to St. George, and Mr. Ervine too, if he likes. Whether he will allow me to command him to St. Patrick is perhaps too delicate a query.



WIFE OF THE HON. JAMES W. GERARD: MRS. GERARD, A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. MARCUS DALY.

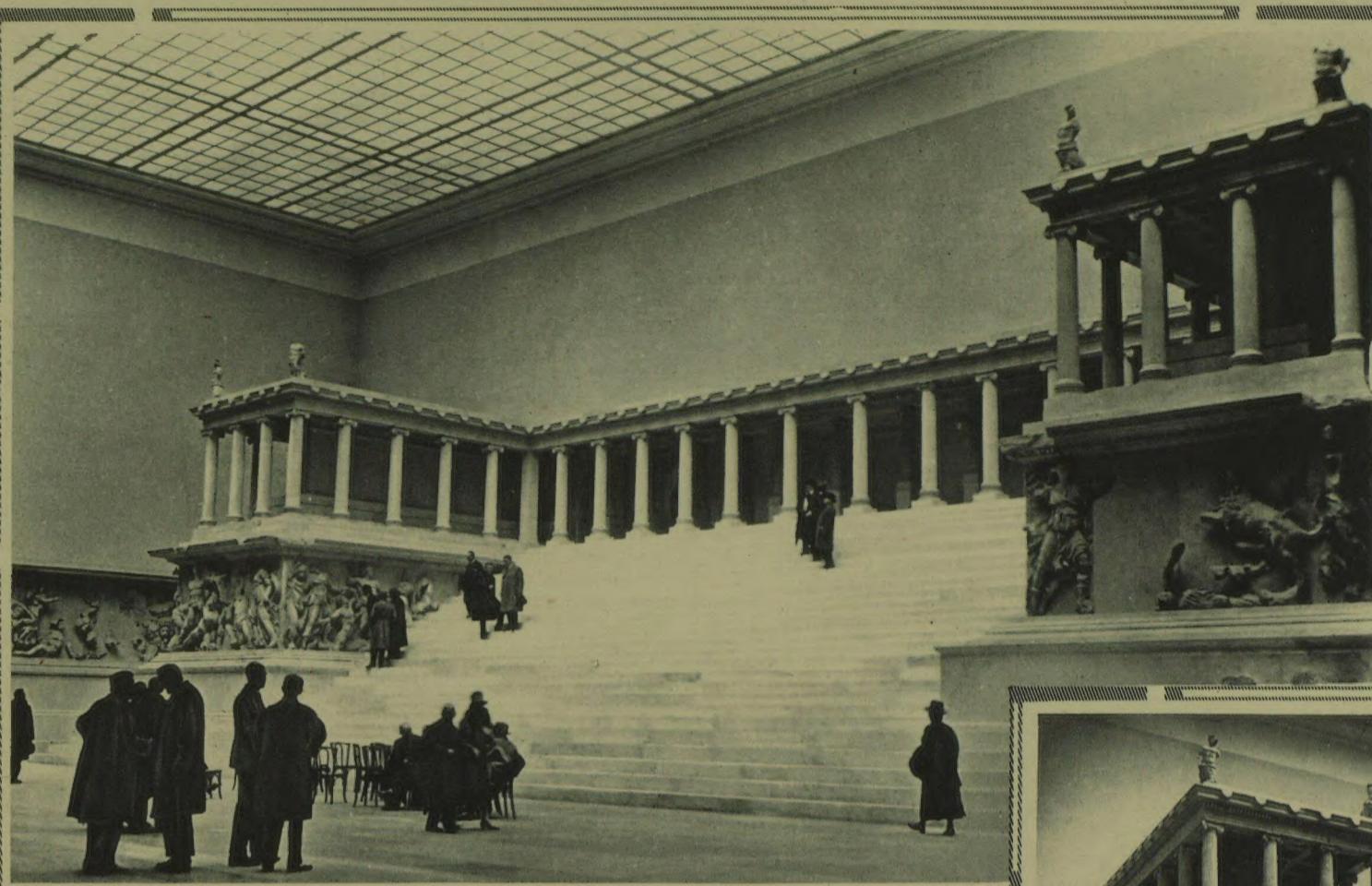
The Hon. James Watson Gerard, whose great friendship towards this country is well known and highly appreciated, will always be remembered with gratitude here for his care of British prisoners in Germany while he was United States Ambassador in Berlin during the early years of the war. He held that post from 1913 until February 3, 1917, when diplomatic relations between America and Germany were broken off. On his return he resumed the practice of law in New York. His two books, "My Four Years in Germany" (1917) and "Face to Face with Kaiserism" (1918), with their revelations of German war aims, are of outstanding historic importance. For his services to Great Britain, Mr. Gerard received the G.C.B. He was born at Geneseo, New York, on August 25, 1867, was educated at Columbia University and the New York Law School, and was admitted to the Bar in 1892. From 1908 to 1913 he was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York. In 1920 he was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Democratic Campaign, and in 1924 became its Treasurer. In those years he received the votes of several States in the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Gerard married, in 1901, Miss Mary Daly, daughter of the late Mr. Marcus Daly, a mine-owner, of Montana.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S BEST FRIENDS IN AMERICA: THE HON. JAMES W. GERARD, FORMERLY U.S. AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN.

rest, will recognise the meaning only too well. It is indeed not uncommon for England to take a fraudulent contractor and turn him into a gentleman. But I have my doubts about the value of that kind of gentleman; and I am very much puzzled about why Mr. St. John Ervine, of all people, should be so proud of the process, however we interpret it. I confess I had always been under the impression that Mr. St. John Ervine was an Irishman. In some of his works on Ireland he seems to have been under the same impression himself. If he is an Irishman paying a generous compliment to England, I would desire to accept it with all possible gratitude and grace. But I cannot accept it, and he would hardly wish me to accept it, at the expense of historical truth. And it is really quite unhistorical to suggest that it was the English who turned St. George into a gentleman, even supposing that he was not originally something rather better than a gentleman. St. George became in the Middle Ages the patron saint of knights, and in that sense a gentleman. It was when he was already, I imagine, the patron saint of knights that

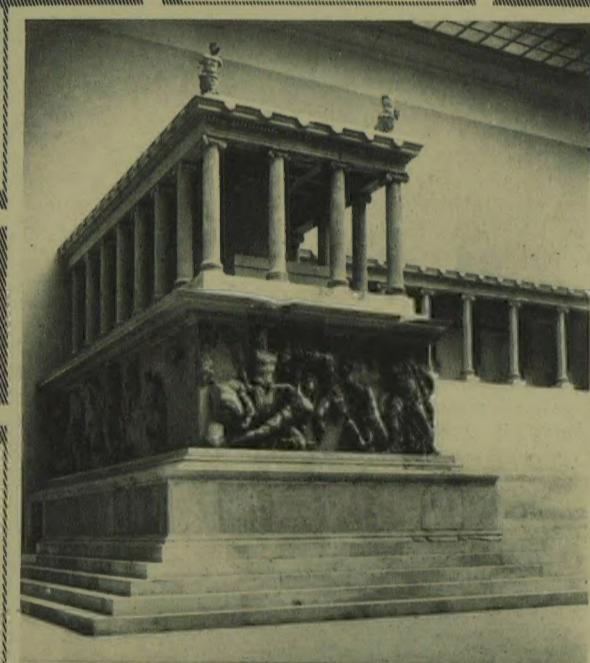
A GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL CENTENARY: THE ALTAR OF PERGAMON.



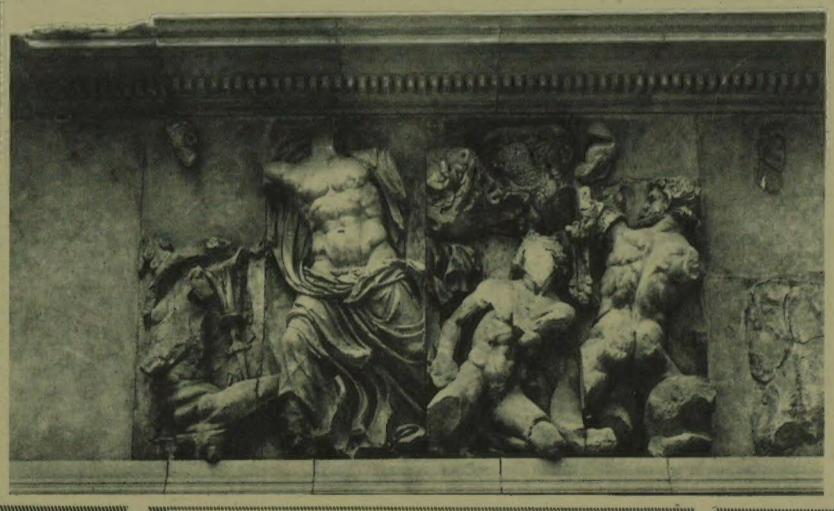
1. THE ALTAR OF ZEUS, FROM PERGAMON, RECONSTRUCTED IN BERLIN, WITH MUCH OF THE ORIGINAL FRIEZE OF 160 B.C.—“THE LARGEST EXISTENT MONUMENT OF GREEK SCULPTURE”: THE STRUCTURE IN A NEW MUSEUM BUILT AROUND IT, VISITED AT A RECENT CENTENARY.



2. REPRESENTING THE GIGANTOMACHIA, OR BATTLE OF THE GODS AND GIANTS, IN GREEK LEGEND: THE PERGAMON FRIEZE—A CLOSE VIEW OF ANOTHER SECTION.



3. THE FRONT OF ONE OF THE WINGS (ON THE LEFT IN NO. 1, ABOVE) OF THE ALTAR OF ZEUS FROM PERGAMON: A NEARER VIEW OF THE ANCIENT SCULPTURE.



4. GERMANY'S COUNTERPART OF THE ELGIN MARBLES, FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A SECTION OF THE PERGAMON SCULPTURES IN BERLIN.



5. SEEN IN NO. 1 ON THE INNER SIDE (ADJOINING THE STAIRWAY) OF THE LEFT-HAND WING OF THE ALTAR OF ZEUS: ANOTHER PART OF THE PERGAMON FRIEZE OF THE GIGANTOMACHIA.

The centenary of the German Archaeological Institute, celebrated recently in Berlin, was attended by distinguished archaeologists and foreign representatives from various parts of the world. The British Government was represented by Sir Maurice de Bunsen, grandson of the co-founder and first Director of the Institute, Baron Karl Josias von Bunsen. At the opening ceremony held in the Reichstag on April 21, the speakers included Professor Gerhard Rodenwaldt, President of the Institute, and Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister. Next day the guests visited the still unfinished museum that is being built around the reconstructed Altar of Zeus from Pergamon, and other treasures acquired by German research in Asia

Minor. The large sections of the original altar frieze, dating from 160 B.C., were originally exhibited separately at the Altes Museum in 1908-9. It was then decided to house them worthily and reconstruct certain missing portions, but the work was delayed by the war, and is only now approaching completion. It should be finished next year. Baedeker says of the Pergamon frieze: "This valuable work of art, the largest extant monument of Greek sculpture, represents the contest of the gods and giants (Gigantomachia) and rivals in importance the Parthenon sculptures in the British Museum." In Greek legend, the giants are described as monstrous beings with the tails of dragons.

CHEMICAL WAR ON ATLANTIC ICEBERGS: HEAT AND EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.



LANDING ON A LARGE ICEBERG, 100 FT. HIGH, FLOATING IN NOTRE DAME BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND: WORK NEEDING A SCALING LADDER, CAULKED BOOTS, LIFE-BELT, AND ALPINE AXE.



AN EXPLOSION IN AN ICEBERG CAUSED BY THE REACTION OF A 100-LB. CHARGE OF THERMIT: AN INFLUX OF HEAT FOLLOWED BY CRACKS ALL NIGHT HEARD FIVE MILES AWAY.



FRAGMENTS OF A LARGE ICEBERG, SHATTERED BY THERMIT HEAT, FLOATING ON THE SEA: EFFECTIVE RESULTS OF DISRUPTIVE EXPERIMENTS BY PROFESSOR H. T. BARNES.



WITH A CHARGE OF BERMITE EXPLODING: THE MUCH-REDUCED REMAINS OF A LARGE ICEBERG BREAKING-UP RAPIDLY AFTER TWO DAYS OF THERMIT HEAT TREATMENT.



A 500-LB. CHARGE OF THERMIT REACTING INSIDE A SMALL ICEBERG: AN EXPLOSION CAUSED BY THE DISRUPTIVE EFFECT OF INTENSE HEAT PRODUCED WITHIN THE ICE.



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A SMALL ICEBERG ON THE MORNING AFTER THE APPLICATION OF THERMIT HEAT TREATMENT: THE MASS OF ICE ALMOST ENTIRELY BROKEN UP.

It was stated recently that icebergs were drifting down from the Arctic a month earlier than usual, and several Atlantic liners, including the Cunarder "Antonia," had exciting experiences. The Red Star liner "Pennland," with 447 people on board, spent an anxious night on April 18 amid a field of icebergs off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and the captain stopped the ship. In view of reports from the ice-patrol boat "Tampa," the Hydrographic Bureau suggested the use of the extra southern track, advice which was followed by the "Berengaria," "George Washington," and other vessels. After the "Titanic" disaster in 1912, it may

be recalled, fourteen nations combined to establish the International Ice Patrol. In our issue of August 28, 1926, we illustrated some experiments in the disruption of icebergs by explosive charges of T.N.T. The above photographs show later and very effective results obtained by Professor H. T. Barnes, of McGill University, Montreal, by means of thermit (a chemical agent developing a very high temperature), supplemented by a high explosive called bermite. A 100-lb. charge of thermit was placed 3 ft. deep in an iceberg 500 ft. in diameter, and when the charge was fired flames rose to a height of 125 ft. Intense heat penetrating the mass turned ice into steam, and caused rending and cracking audible five miles away. Next morning there was a loud explosion, and most of the interior of the berg came away. A smaller berg treated with thermit was found next day to have disappeared. Still better results were anticipated if the charges could be sunk more deeply in the ice by means of rock-drills.

THE MEXICAN CIVIL WAR:
REBEL TANKS; UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT
AND BORDER PATROLS.



U.S. AIRCRAFT PROTECTING THE ARIZONA BORDER, NEAR NACO, DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO: A MACHINE OF THE 90TH SQUADRON, 3RD ATTACK GROUP, FROM GALVESTON, TEXAS.



SAID TO BE KEPT READY FOR THE REBEL LEADER, GENERAL ESCOBAR, FOR FLIGHT IN CASE OF DISASTER: HIS PRIVATE RECONNAISSANCE AEROPLANE, MOUNTED ON A RAILWAY TRUCK, COVERED, AND WITH WINGS DETACHED.



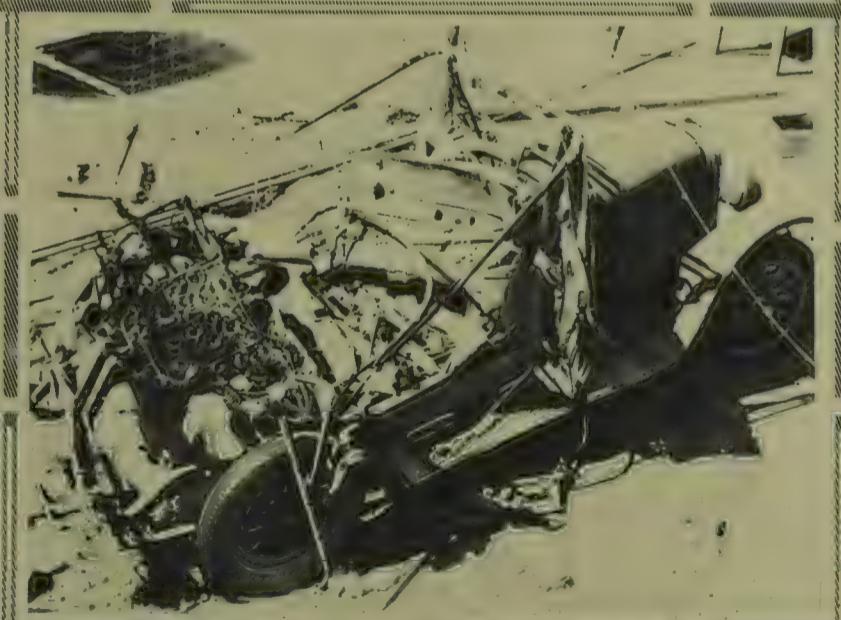
REBEL TANKS RETURNING, WITH TWO DEAD INSIDE: A SCENE BEHIND THE REBEL LINES AFTER AN ACTION ON APRIL 6.



SOME OF THE REBEL TANKS (OF WHICH THREE WERE LOST) BEFORE THE ACTION AT NACO ON APRIL 6: AN INCIDENT DURING A PRELIMINARY INSPECTION OF THE BATTLEFIELD BY GENERAL ESCOBAR, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE REBEL FORCES.



A PATROL OF U.S. CAVALRY THAT FOILED A REBEL BOMB PLOT TO DESTROY A FEDERAL TROOP TRAIN NEAR NACO ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY: (ON LEFT) LIEUT. H. JORDAN THEIS WITH SOME OF THE BOMBS.



A MOTOR-CAR WRECKED BY A MEXICAN REBEL BOMB IN NACO, ARIZONA, U.S.A.: A TYPICAL INCIDENT THAT LED TO THE ACTIVE INTERVENTION OF UNITED STATES FORCES TO PROTECT THE BORDER.

It was reported on April 14 that the Mexican insurrection was fast collapsing, and allusions were made to the "disastrous retreat" of General Escobar, the rebel commander-in-chief. He was said to have crossed the mountains between Chihuahua and Sonora, and declared that the Insurgents would now take to guerrilla warfare. On April 16 General Calles, the Mexican War Minister and Federal Commander-in-Chief, ordered a pursuit of General Escobar through the Pulpito Pass. On the 26th General Calles reported to President Portes Gil that the western Insurgent army in southern Sonora was in full retreat, and that the stage was set for its annihilation. On April 28 General Calles issued a manifesto, in

the President's name, to the people of Sonora, inviting them to return to their homes, and resume their normal business. The rebel retreat was said to have then become a rout. During the fighting in northern Mexico, United States forces have been active in protecting their nationals on the frontier. On April 8, eighteen U.S. Army aeroplanes at a fort near Naco, Arizona, were ordered to patrol the air near the border, and shoot down any Mexican aeroplanes that flew over United States territory. A few days later, to prevent the Mexican fighting being carried across the U.S. border into Arizona or New Mexico, the U.S. troops on the frontier were reinforced with infantry, cavalry, and field artillery.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE VIVIPAROUS "NORWAY HADDOCK" AND SOME OF ITS RELATIVES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A FEW days ago, in the food department of one of London's great stores, my attention was riveted by a really impressive display of "Norway haddocks": there were dozens of them. Pleasing

and not from eggs according to the custom of fishes. Some of the shark-tribe give birth in like manner to living young, and the same is true of a few other bony, or "Teleostean" fishes. But in

European waters this is true only of *Sebastes* and the blenny. This last gives birth to from 20 to 300 or more at a time, according to the size and age of the parent; but the bergylt will bear as many as 1000. This is something more than a piece of curious information. It raises a matter which has yet to be investigated. That is to say, it raises the question as to why this unusual form of reproduction should have come about in any of the fishes, and more especially in these two, the only Teleosteans in our northern waters which set aside the usual custom. We must seek for an answer not so much in the conditions of the physical environment, which is the same for all the

like fronds of seaweed, while the body is most vividly coloured. In *Pterois miles*, shown here (Fig. 3), the coloration of the long fin-spines takes the form of alternate bands of scarlet and white, while the body itself is of a uniform scarlet. It is thus coloured in the specimen I am now describing, and can be seen thus in the British Museum of Natural History. In the living animal, doubtless, it can, after the fashion of reef-dwelling fishes, change its hue with most disconcerting rapidity.

Thus Colonel Alcock describes *Pterois volitans* as having the body banded and mottled, like an encrusted rock, and its long fin-rays decorated with tabs of skin. It could change colour like a chameleon. Ordinarily presenting shades of brown and red, one that stole away from him into a deep, blue pool became presently all blue, with darker and lighter cross bands.

We can, then, interpret the singularities of these "rock-perches" in terms of "camouflage." A coral reef may be likened to a gorgeous herbaceous border, a glorious riot of colour. But, the colour-patches being fixed, the moving fishes must change their hues to match their momentary background, if they are to escape the eyes of their enemies, or to steal unawares on their prey—a dance of death where all wear gala dress!

Finally, a word as to another relative of the bergylt. This is *Synanceia horrida* (Fig. 1). Not for nothing is the name "horrida" bestowed. Ugly and venomous it may well be called, for its dorsal spines can inflict most poisonous wounds.

But mark the profound changes of shape it has undergone, and the absence of scales on its body. The head has been shortened, like that

of a bull-dog, so that the mouth opens upwards, in line with the roof of the skull; while during life small waving filaments distributed over the body cause it to blend with its surroundings, so that its victims approach those dreadful jaws unawares, as the monster lurks in some crevice. Nature's marionettes are all beautiful in their way—even the ugly ones, since beauty lies in the goodness of fit between use and shape, which must be free of all unmeaning ornament.



FIG. 1. EVEN MORE "UGLY AND VENOMOUS" THAN THE TOAD: THE BULL-HEADED SCORPION-FISH (*SYNANCEIA HORRIDA*), WITH A VERTICAL MOUTH AND "CHIN," AND VERY POISONOUS DORSAL SPINES.

The bull-headed Scorpion-fish (*Synanceia horrida*) is doubtless one of the ugliest and most repulsive-looking of living fishes, and its dorsal spines can inflict most poisonous wounds. The shape of the head has become profoundly modified to enable it to bring the mouth to a vertical position, so that unsuspecting fishes passing immediately over it may be snapped up without the effort of a long chase. When the mouth is shut the lower jaw fits so closely into the upper as to be invisible from the side; and what answers to the chin is absolutely vertical when the head is seen from the side.

indeed were they to the eye, of a delightful lobster-red, relieved by a silvery sheen on the sides. They would have made a fine theme for a "still-life" picture, but artists, nowadays, scorn such subjects. So luscious they looked that I could not forbear a purchase; for I am rather fond of making gastronomical experiments. The result, however, was not exactly thrilling. But the fish is not to be blamed for this, nor the cook. One needs half-a-dozen, cooked in as many different ways and served with different sauces, to find out wherein its true savour lies.

How and why did this fish come by the name of "Norway haddock"? Confined to the northern seas, and abundant off Norway and Iceland, it is in no way related to the haddock, which also haunts these waters. It is also known as the "bergylt"—which is at least a non-committal name—and as the "soldier" by the fishmonger, on account of its red colour. As will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2), it looks more like a perch than a haddock; but it is related to neither. The bergylt (*Sebastes norvegicus*), in short, is one of that great tribe of fishes known as the "Trigliformes," of which the type is the gurnard. However widely they differ among themselves in their general shape—and that range is wide—they all agree in having an "armoured cheek"; that is to say, the head is protected by a bony cuirass, though this fact does not become readily apparent until the skeleton is examined.

Within the tribe, the nearest relations of the bergylt are the scorpion-fishes (Fig. 1), which include very remarkable forms, some of which have the dorsal fins armed with poison-glands which can inflict dangerous wounds. But, before enlarging on the scorpion-fishes, something more must be said about *Sebastes*. In the first place, it will be noted that there are two dorsal fins, the first supported by short powerful spines, the second by soft rays; and these two are confluent, whereas in the perch they are widely separated, the first dorsal being shorter and having longer spines. The anal fin, placed in the middle line of the under-surface of the body and below the second dorsal, has the three front rays transformed into spines; while the paired pelvic fins, answering to the hind-legs of land animals, are seen closed below and behind the large breast-fins. Particular attention is drawn to these fins on account of what is to follow. As touching the head, special attention is drawn to the large eye, the large mouth, and the projecting spines on the gill-cover.

But the strangest thing about *Sebastes* is yet to come. In a word, it shares with the blenny the distinction of being viviparous. That is to say, the young emerge fully formed from their mother's body,



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE ONLY TWO EUROPEAN FISH THAT PRODUCE LIVING YOUNG: THE SO-CALLED "NORWAY HADDOCK," ALIAS THE BERGYLT, AND KNOWN TO FISH-MONGERS (FROM ITS RED COLOUR) AS "THE SOLDIER."

The Norway Haddock, or Bergylt (*Sebastes norvegicus*) is found only in the far northern waters, and is abundant off Norway and Iceland, where large numbers are occasionally taken by our fishing-boats. It is really one of the "scorpion-fishes," and is in no way related to the haddock. Among its many singularities not the least is the fact that it produces living young.

other fishes of these waters laying eggs after the fashion of their kind, but in some elusive physiological response of these two singular exceptions.

Let us turn now to the fins of *Sebastes*, to which reference has already been made. In some near relations, of the genus *Pterois*, found in the Indo-Pacific, the spiny rays of the first dorsal fin are produced into long spikes, connected by the usual fin-membrane only at their bases, while, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), all the other fins are developed to form great sail-like planes. They all, I believe, haunt coral reefs, and in some the long spikes of the dorsal fin bear long filaments that sway and wave

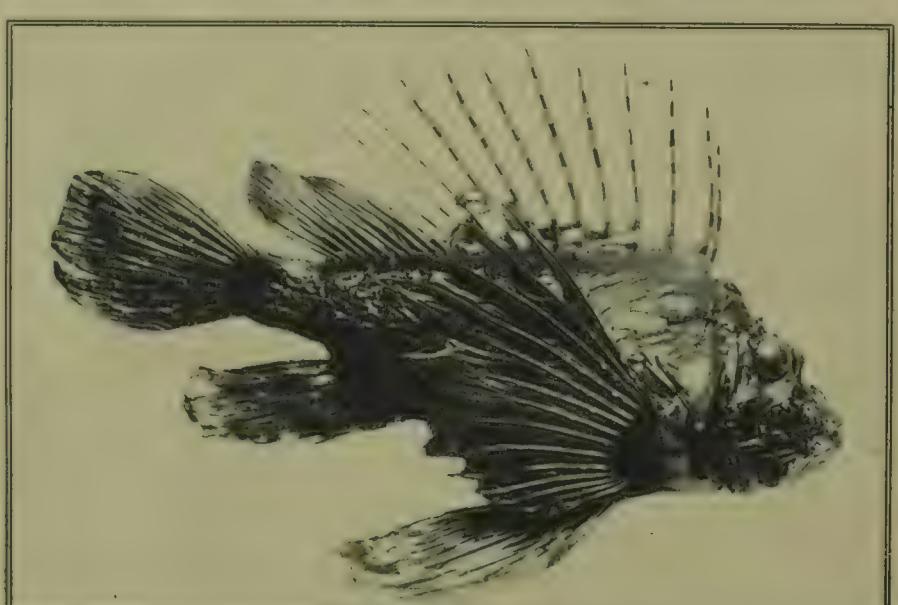
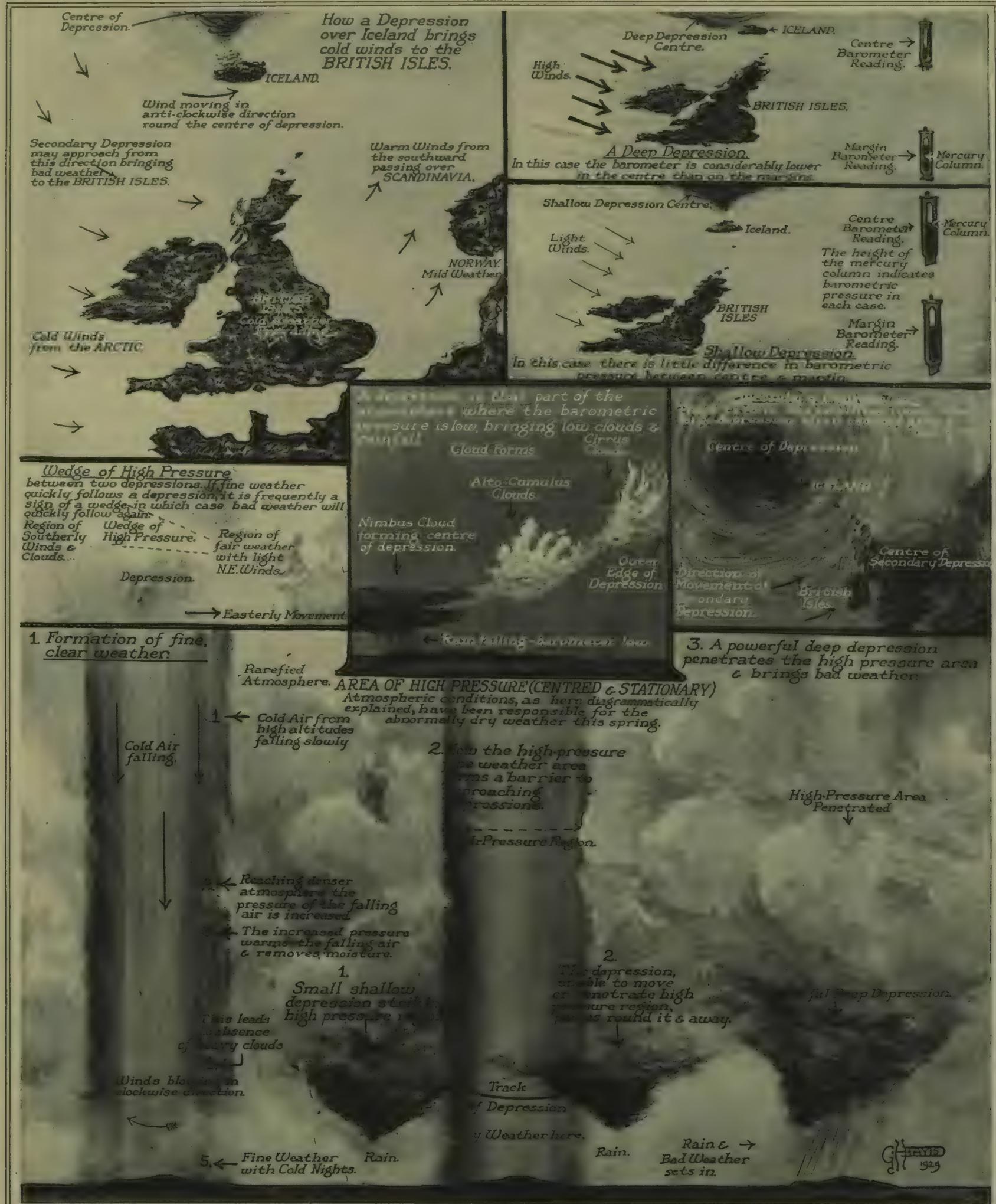


FIG. 3. A "CHAMELEON" OF CORAL POOLS: THE ROCK-PERCH (*PTEROIS MILES*), THAT CHANGES COLOUR RAPIDLY ACCORDING TO THAT OF ITS SURROUNDINGS. The "Rock-perch" (*Pterois*) is represented by many species, all of which are able to change colour with surprising rapidity. They haunt coral reefs, where chameleonic changes are of the utmost importance. The "welsher" is but a poor imitator in this practice of "camouflage." The long fin-spines of the back have alternate bands of scarlet and white.

"A DEPRESSION OVER ICELAND": WEATHER FORECASTS EXPLAINED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE, LONDON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WHAT "BROADCAST" WEATHER REPORTS MEAN: THE MEANING OF METEOROLOGICAL TERMS SHOWN BY DIAGRAM.

Most of us are now familiar with the terms "depression" (deep or shallow), "anti-cyclone," "wedge of high pressure," and so forth, as used in the daily weather reports that are broadcast, but comparatively few people outside those directly interested in that wonderful science, meteorology, know exactly what they mean. Here, therefore, we have endeavoured to explain simply the significance of these phrases. In making his forecast to-day the meteorologist depends practically entirely on the synoptic charts, together with special data received from certain stations regarding upper air winds and temperatures. The most important part of these synoptic charts is the pictorial representation of barometric pressure distribution at sea levels, made by drawing on the charts lines, termed isobars, through places where the pressures, corrected for temperature and latitude and reduced to sea level, are the same. The pressure differences are graded by a scale marked in millibars, meaning, in plain language,

a method of measuring in barometric pressure units instead of in length units. It is all very technical, of course, but it has divided our weather into seven main types—viz., depressions (low pressure), anti-cyclones (high pressure), Secondary depressions, V-shaped depressions, Wedges of high pressure, Straight isobars—or the outermost margins of depressions whose centre is located a great distance away—and cols, or the region situated between two anti-cyclones. Depressions vary in size from one or a few miles to thousands of miles. They consist of a segment of warm air moving to a centre and bounded on its two sides by cold air currents. The boundaries of this sector are marked by abrupt changes in wind-direction and temperature. Along the first of these lines of change the warm air current is forced over the cold air in front. Rising air is essential to the production of cloud and rain; thus the approach of this warm air is marked by increasing cloud, continuous rain, and rising temperature.

WOMEN CANDIDATES IN THE GENERAL ELECTION, AND CONSTITUENCIES.



MRS. CATHERINE B. ALDERTON, J.P. (SOUTH-WEST HULL).



MRS. WINTRINGHAM (LOUTH).



MISS ENID LAPTHORN (HITCHIN).



MISS HELEN SCHILIZZI (NORTHAMPTON).



MISS IDA SWINBURNE (EAST SURREY).



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE (ANGLESEY).



MISS E. EDWARDS (BISHOP'S STORTFORD, EAST ST. PANCRAS).



MRS. HOFFMAN (NORTH NORFOLK).



MRS. BEATRICE A. BAYFIELD (GORTON DIV. OF MANCHESTER) MISS M. E. MARSHALL (SMETHWICK).



MISS GRACE ROBERTS (CAERPHILLY).



MISS DORA WEST, O.B.E. (ROTHERHITHE).



MISS ALISON GARLAND (WARRINGTON).



DR. BETTY MORGAN (SUNDERLAND).



MISS HESTER HOLLAND (MYTHE).



MISS MARY GRANT (WEST SALFORD).



MISS BETA HOULDEN (GENTLEMAN'S DIVISION OF BIRMINGHAM).



MISS MARGARET GIBSON (SOUTH HACKNEY).



LADY STEWART (NORTH KENSINGTON).



MISS BARBARA BLISS (EAST GRINSTEAD).

Never before in the history of British politics have women played so large a part in a General Election, whether as voters or candidates, as in that for which the polling is to take place on Thursday, May 30. An immense impetus was given to their political activities, of course, by the recent Act which added five-and-a-half million women voters to the electorate. As noted in our article on page 752, there are (at the time of writing) sixty-one women seeking election to the new Parliament, and of this total twenty-eight belong to the Labour Party, twenty-five to the Liberal, and eight to the Conservative. In the present number we are concerned only with the Liberal women candidates. Above are portraits of twenty-four, with their prospective constituencies. The remaining one—that of Mrs. Walter Rungman, M.P., the only Liberal woman already sitting in the House of Commons—will be

found on page 752 along with the descriptive article. Therein something is told of the careers and personalities of the various Liberal women candidates, and in a similar manner we shall deal in later numbers with those representing the Labour and the Conservative parties. At the end of the present

article, it will be noted, the writer pays a general tribute to the ability of women as speakers, and among the Liberal candidates especially notes the oratorical powers of Mrs. Wintringham, Miss Garland, Mrs. Alderton, Dr. Betty Morgan, and Miss Beatrice Bayfield in addressing open-air meetings. As mentioned above, the numbers of women candidates of the three parties are stated here according to the published information available at the moment of writing. Changes, however, occur from time to time, and the totals may eventually be different.

MRS. C. F. G. MASTERMAN (SALISBURY).

WOMEN WHO ASPIRE TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

I.—LIBERAL WOMEN CANDIDATES TAKING PART IN THE GENERAL ELECTION.

In view of the enormous interest taken in the feminine side of the coming General Election, due largely to the addition of over five million women voters to the electorate, we are giving a series of three articles on the women candidates for Parliament, of whom there are in all sixty-one at the time of writing. Of these, twenty-eight are Labour, twenty-five Liberal, and eight Conservative. The following article deals with the Liberal women candidates. It will be followed in succeeding issues by articles on women candidates belonging to the other two parties.

IN discussing the question of oratory, with its inevitable reference to the Houses of Parliament, in a contemporary only a couple of weeks ago, the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., wrote: "The Reform Bill of 1832 has, at long last, fulfilled the prognostications of Canning, who, in 1812, predicted that, if the then proposed measure (a very cautious one) of enfranchisement was carried, universal suffrage both for men and women must follow, and bring about the political downfall of that territorial interest to which, though an acreless man himself, Canning was deeply attached. Lord John Russell, and afterwards Lord Macaulay, both being the Whigs they were, thought these forebodings fantastic, little foreseeing 1929, when a Conservative Government added five and a half million of women voters to the electorate and swelled the already huge constituencies to gigantic proportions."

More, in a contemporary play, the author has made Lord Palmerston prophesy that the day would come when women would sit in Parliament.

This year, sixty-one women are seeking the privilege of representing not only their sisters, but their brethren as well—more than 10 per cent. of the number of members of the House of Commons. Of these women, eight are standing in the Conservative and Unionist interest, twenty-five are Liberals, and twenty-eight represent Labour, which thus sends the largest number of women to seek the suffrage of the electorate, the great majority of new additions to which must, of necessity, be women who work.

Of the Liberal women candidates, only one sits in the House at present—Mrs. Walter Runciman, who has a Parliamentary and Liberal inheritance, for her father, Dr. J. C. Stevenson, was M.P. for South Shields, and she has always worked closely with her husband, the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman. She is one of the band of University-educated women, having been at Cambridge, where she took honours in History.

Other University of Cambridge women are Mrs. Corbett Ashby, who came down with an honours degree in Classics, and has lectured in most countries in Europe in English, French, or German; Miss Barbara Bliss, who took her Tripos both in History and Economics, and was a leader in the Cambridge University Liberal Club; Miss Morgan Gibbon, who took an honours degree in Classics, and fought an L.C.C. election in South Islington in 1928; and Miss F. L. Josephy, who has acted as secretary to a group of Liberal M.P.s. Oxford gives two candidates in Mrs. Hoffman, whose ancestors went from Norfolk, where she now lives, to become colonists in the Southern States of America, whence she returned and was naturalised, in April 1928; and Miss M. E. Marshall, who has held important posts in the Ministry of Labour and Board of Trade; while Dr. Betty Morgan, who is D.Litt. of the University of Paris, is the youngest woman candidate, and is the only woman who is opposed by another woman, Dr. Marion Phillips, D.Sc., the Labour candidate for Sunderland, which returns two members.

Five of the candidates have previously sought Parliamentary honours: Mrs. Wintringham, who was elected in 1921 to fill the seat for Louth her late husband had occupied, and sat until 1924; Mrs. Corbett Ashby, who stood for Ladywood in 1918, for Richmond in 1922 and 1923, and for Watford in 1924; Miss Alison Garland, one of the pioneers for suffrage, who has contested Plymouth and Deptford; Miss Mary Grant, who, after working for women's

suffrage from 1911 to 1914, became a V.A.D. in the war, and served later in the Women's Police Service, after which, in 1922, she was a candidate for South Leeds and for Pontefract in 1923; and Mrs. Catharine B. Alderton, J.P., C.C., who, after fighting South Edinburgh and polling nearly 8000 votes in 1922, was in 1923 unanimously chosen to be the first woman Mayor of the oldest town in England—the Borough of Colchester, and in 1924 was the first woman asked to speak for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, while last year she was elected on the Essex County Council.

Of the twenty-five ladies, two have titles. Lady Crosfield, the wife of Sir Arthur Crosfield, Bt., who was M.P. for Warrington, 1906-10, and in whose political campaigns she was an important factor, is interested in social and educational work generally; and is noted for her devotion to the cause of infant welfare, in connection with which she has been notably prominent in North Islington. Lady Stewart, the widow of the late Sir Francis Stewart, has lived in India, where she did social and war work, from her

and distinguished for what is known as the famous "Lyttelton charm" of manner, has made incursions into various forms of literary activities, for she has published poems, articles, and books, and is now writing a Life of her late husband, the Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, who, after being Under-Secretary of State, Home Department, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury, became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. She is now the literary editor of the *Outlook*.

Mrs. Masterman, like Mrs. Corbett Ashby (whose father was elected M.P. for East Grinstead in 1906), has Parliamentary blood in her veins, for she is a great-niece of Mr. Gladstone, and traces direct descent from Lord Chatham and William Pitt. In association with those ladies is Miss Megan Lloyd George, who has accompanied her distinguished father to so many of his meetings, and has become the accomplished speaker she is by constant practice at them; also Miss Mary Bliss, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Bliss, who represented the Cockermouth Division of Cumberland from 1916 to 1918; while Miss Hester Holland, who is contesting the Hythe Division, which no

Liberal has fought since before the war, has a famous ancestor in the first Lord Hemphill, who was Solicitor-General in one of Mr. Gladstone's Administrations.

It is an accepted fact that clergymen's sons are eminently successful in carving careers for themselves, and Parliamentary annals offer no exception to the rule. The same ambition seems to inspire the daughters of the manse, witness the names of the following women:

Mrs. Alderton, who is widely known for her work with the Brotherhood and Sisterhood movement among the Free Churches, is the daughter of a Congregational Minister; Miss Elizabeth Edwardes, who has been a religious and social worker in London, Liverpool, and St. Albans, is the daughter of the late Rev. George Edwardes; Miss Morgan Gibbon is the daughter of the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, of Stamford Hill Congregational Church; and Mrs. Hornabrook, the daughter of one Wesleyan Minister and the wife of another, worked as a "Sister of the People" in the Birmingham Mission for some years before her marriage; while Miss Mary Grant is the daughter of the Rev. C. M. Grant, and worked as an educational missionary of the Church of Scotland for five years.

The value of travel as a means of broadening men's minds has so long been recognised that Shakespeare made one of his heroes say, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," before setting out on his travels. While most of the candidates have, naturally, travelled, some have wandered over more extensive portions of the earth than others.

Reference has already been made to Mrs. Corbett Ashby's activities as a lecturer, speaking through Europe; Miss Alison Garland has travelled extensively in India and the Far East, as well as in the United States and Canada; Miss Swinburne has been through the United States; Miss Dora West has voyaged to the West Indies, Central America, and West Africa; and Miss Barbara Bliss has been round the world, and spent some time in Canada.

Miss Lapthorn, who is a fine linguist and speaks French, German, and Italian, was translator to one of the large banks in New York, and has travelled widely, as has Mrs. Masterman, who, in addition to visiting the European countries, has lived in Gibraltar, India, and South Africa. Miss Helen Schilizzi, a niece by marriage of Mr. Venezelos, has travelled extensively in Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary, and Austria, doing propaganda work, while later she went to the United States and crossed Canada from coast to coast.

That as a class the ladies are able speakers may be taken as read. Still, the eloquence of some of them is acknowledged to be of outstanding merit. Miss Garland is described as one of the most electric of women speakers, witty and excellent at repartee, and able to keep an open-air meeting enthralled; Mrs. Alderton's addresses are noted for power, as are those of Miss Beatrice Bayfield in the open air; while Dr. Betty Morgan's gift of speech is marked by great simplicity and charm of manner—nor must mention be omitted of Mrs. Wintringham, who is one of the most popular speakers in the country.



THE ONLY LIBERAL WOMAN MEMBER OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT AND THE FIRST WOMAN TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WITH HER HUSBAND: MRS. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P. FOR ST. IVES.

Mrs. Runciman was elected M.P. for St. Ives, Cornwall, last year, and was thus the first woman to sit in the same Parliament as her husband. She was formerly known as Miss Hilda Stevenson, being the fifth daughter of the late Dr. James C. Stevenson, M.P. She was educated at Notting Hill High School and Girton College, Cambridge, where she held a scholarship and took a first class in the Historical Tripos. In 1897 she became the first woman member of the Newcastle-on-Tyne School Board, and in 1903 she was one of the original co-opted members of the Northumberland County Education Committee. Her marriage to Mr. Walter Runciman took place in 1898. They have two sons and three daughters.

marriage in 1906 until 1919, since when she has been identified with the Liberal Party, for which she has spoken widely, and has specialised in Housing, Industrial and Temperance questions.

Writing being so popular an employment in these days, it is perhaps surprising that so relatively few of the candidates have devoted themselves to it. Miss Morgan Gibbon is notable among these few, for she has written several novels, among them being "Jan," "Others Came," "The Pharisees," and "Justin Keyes," most of them being stories of Welsh life—a subject which has also inspired the literary work of Miss Grace Roberts. Miss Beatrice A. Bayfield is also a writer of stories, mostly in serial form, as well as newspaper articles, one of which she contributed to one paper each week for twenty-three years without interruption. The drama, on the other hand, attracted Miss Alison Garland, some of whose plays have been produced in London; while Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman, the daughter of General the Right Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, Governor of Chelsea Hospital,

SCULPTURE OF MANY AGES: GEMS IN THE D'HENDECOURT COLLECTION.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.



FRENCH THIRTEENTH-CENTURY WOOD-CARVING: A FIGURE OF ST. MICHAEL (41 INCHES HIGH.)



FRENCH ROMANESQUE EARLY TWELFTH-CENTURY SCULPTURE: A STONE RELIEF OF THE HEAD OF A MAN, POSSIBLY ST. MATTHEW, WITH VEGETAL MOTIFS ISSUING FROM HIS MOUTH.



ETRUSCAN BRONZE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A WARRIOR IN ARMOUR (9½ INCHES HIGH.)



SAID TO HAVE COME FROM A SACRED CAVE IN NORTHERN INDIA: A HEAD IN RED BASALT, WITH CONICAL HAT; 8TH TO 14TH CENTURY. (10½ IN. HIGH.)



BY PIETRO FRANCAVILLA (1543-1610): A FINE HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN, IN STONE, MOUNTED ON A PEDESTAL. (13 INCHES HIGH.)

The fact that London is regarded as the centre of the art world is evidenced by a tendency for important foreign collections to be sent here for dispersal by owners wishing to sell. One instance is that of the Carl Claes collection of Arms and Armour (to be sold at Christie's on May 8), of which we gave some items in our last issue. Here we illustrate some of the most interesting objects in a forthcoming sale at Sotheby's fixed for May 8 and the two following days—that of "the very choice and valuable collections" of the Vicomte Bernard D'Hendecourt, of 7, Rue Bayard, Paris. The catalogue enumerates fine nineteenth-century oil

[Continued below.]



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF NEGRO SCULPTURE: A CONGOLESE MASK, RECORDED BY MR. PAUL GUILLAUME AS ABYSSINIAN. (11 INCHES HIGH.)

Continued,

paintings, by Manet, Delacroix, Monticelli, Renoir, and Winterhalter; fine Italian and other early paintings; important collections of drawings, by Claude Lorraine and G. B. Tiepolo, as well as examples of many other Masters, including Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Veronese, Cézanne, Fragonard, Romney, and Turner. The

D'Hendecourt collection also contains rare specimens of Greek, Egyptian, Chinese, and Negro sculpture; antique and mediæval bronzes; mediæval, Renaissance, and modern sculpture and wood-carving; miniatures from illuminated manuscripts; textiles, and decorative furniture.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"LA VIE PARISIENNE"—AND AFTER.—THE THEATRE CRISIS.

"IT is the renaissance of *opéra-bouffe*! What price musical comedy now?" I heard a middle-aged enthusiast exclaim in the merrily agitated pit of the Lyric, Hammersmith, on that red-letter day, April 18 of this year of grace. For it expressed in a few words what we all felt when the melodies of Offenbach, for all their well-nigh threescore and ten, resounded through the house and made us feel as happy as the song of "No, No, Nanette." This is music—humorous music, witty music, witching music. It captivates you; it holds you; it lingers in your ears; you would like to remember it all if you only could. But you must be very unmusical indeed if, homeward bound, you did not hum that opening chorus on the Channel steamer or fragments of the duets between the lovers and the dances in the cabaret. Nor—as in the case of "The Beggar's Opera"—would you be satisfied with one visit: this *première* was but a trial-trip for the *gourmet* who loves comic opera. He will come back to hear it again and again, to revel in this *tourbillon* of gaiety, and to slit, in a bus-ride, from the serious mien of London to the "funny face" of Paris—in Hammersmith. For (let it be said at once) Mr. A. P. Herbert has achieved this incredible thing—to write an entirely new libretto to the tunes of Offenbach and to infuse the vivacity of the composer into the English words without spoiling the Gallic flavour. Truth to tell, the English libretto is quite as amusing as the original text of Meilhac and Halévy, and without the salacity. And here I would recall that for many years "La Vie Parisienne" was, in the Continental Press, the pivot of comment concerning the decadence of Paris in general and the Second Empire in particular. *Nous en avons vu bien d'autres* since that time: compared with modern revues in Paris and Berlin, the libretto of "La Vie Parisienne" is almost as goody-goody as a nursery tale. Now, in the English version there is nothing to offend and a great deal to amuse; it is the best "book" since Gilbert, and in many respects as full of gentle mockery as "Patience."

There is no doubt that this first successful attempt of Sir Nigel Playfair's to dip into the quiver of Offenbach will spread like a benevolent epidemic. Already a revival of "La Belle Hélène" is in contemplation, and gradually other names of famous yesteryear composers are cropping up. Lecocq and Planquette, Audran, Lacôme, neglected since the beginning of this century with the exception of an all-too-heavy revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot" at Drury Lane, are suddenly remembered, and, as they are to be "had for the asking," while the American and Viennese composers exact exorbitant terms, it is pretty sure that ere long the old *opéra-bouffe* will become a formidable rival to the existing medleys. For all of a sudden the public has awakened to appreciation of the fact that there is more pleasure in a good libretto combined with good music than in the everlasting story of "The Merry Widow," endlessly copied; than in the interludes of comedians straining to be comic; than in the evolutions of the chorus, however cleverly studied and unified, which have no meaning and merely hold up a plot not worth telling. In "La Vie Parisienne," as in other libretti of early operettas, there are all the elements of modern musical comedy—only they are coherent, co-ordinated, and interwoven with tunes in an interesting narrative, instead of being constantly interfered with and disrupted by superfluous intermezzos.

As soon as it is manifest that the public will enjoy Offenbach as intensely as it did in the last century—and some prophets forecast on the first night a run of a year—our own

composers of the 'nineties and onwards will probably have their posthumous day of glory. Cellier, Caryll, Leslie Stuart will be taken from the shelves—"Dorothy," "The Duchess of Danzig," and "Florodora" will once again remind us that we too had (besides Sullivan) composers of light music that made all the world hum and sing. For if, in nature, one swallow may not make a summer, in our World of the Theatre the exception compels

The theatre crisis is coming fast, and all the managers are alive to it and considerably alarmed—all save two, Mr. Cochran and Mr. Maurice Browne. Mr. Cochran has nothing to fear, for no "talkies" can compete with the variety of his triumphant revue; and Mr. Maurice Browne, on the crest of "Journey's End," has so much capital at his command that he can back the two houses, the spoken film and the legitimate drama, feeding the one, if necessary, with the winnings of the other. Although seven new theatres are in course of construction, this increase in numbers on the one side may soon be wiped out by the gradual passing of existing playhouses into the hands of the movie syndicates. And the invasion is still in the incubation stage. Who can predict what will happen when the "talkie" is no longer an "earsure," but reaches mechanical perfection, extending to colour and the stereoscopic development of form, so that reality as near as imitation can make it will take the place of make-believe? Already, in anticipation of coming events, one of the most astute managers in London, Mr. Tom Walls, has cancelled all his provincial tours; for, in the face of the kinema competition, he considers it an impossibility to make "flesh and blood" performances pay. His theory is that the provinces will no longer patronise secondhand London fare when they can have speaking pictures at half the price. The pleasure-seeking public—the masses—seek excitement for their money, or "stars"; and as they will get all the excitement they want for a small outlay, they will probably prefer the stall

at half-a-crown (or less) at the kinema, to the five-shilling one at the theatre where the players are not an especial attraction.

What is to be done? Sir Nigel Playfair inclines to the belief that competition will lead to the establishment of a National Theatre; whereby he implies, I take it, that "national" is not confined to one institution, but to the creation of Municipal Theatres subsidised by the rates, so that it will be possible to engage good actors at moderate salaries for a fixed period, and admit the public at the same prices as at the kinema. This, one fondly hopes, will come true, but it will take much talk and time. And of the latter there is little to lose, for every day brings tidings of the onward march of the "talkies" and the formation of new companies and syndicates. Another expert suggests that more and more theatres should be built, so that automatically the rents of the existing ones, in the face of competition, will have to come down and allow a general reduction of prices of admission. But that is a remedy of which the efficacy is by no means certain, because the capital force of the kinema world is so powerful that rent is a secondary consideration. Do we not know that a certain London theatre which, as an ordinary playhouse, does not command more than £500 a week, is let to a film syndicate at double that amount? For it is almost needless to mention that the running of a kinema is ever so much cheaper than that of ordinary plays, with their production expenses, their staff, and their orchestras; for in the course of time the latter may also be superseded by mechanical music in the kinema house.

It is a case for a theatrical Mussolini to arise with unlimited capital at his back to stabilise salaries, to abate the present exorbitant prices at the theatres, to increase the pit—and not to abolish it, as is the drift—and to make the playgoers as comfortable as they are at the kinema palaces. Unless something of the sort is done, the legitimate theatre will—I won't say die, for that is not conceivable so long as myriads of people prefer live art to mechanical *ersatz*—but will have a much intensified struggle for existence.



A CHARMING OFFENBACH REVIVAL IN AN ENGLISH FORM: "LA VIE PARISIENNE," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—VICTORIAN COSTUMES ON THE DECK OF A CHANNEL STEAMER IN 1863. Sir Nigel Playfair's revival of the well-known French comic opera "La Vie Parisienne," with Offenbach's music arranged by Mr. A. Davies Adams, and a new libretto, very freely adapted, by Mr. A. P. Herbert, provides a delightful entertainment at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The first scene is laid on the Dover-Calais boat, with a crowd of English passengers, including the heroine, her parents, and her lover, who arranges to disguise himself as a French Count in order to show them over Paris, and thus facilitate an elopement. Later scenes occur at the Louvre and a gay Paris cabaret.

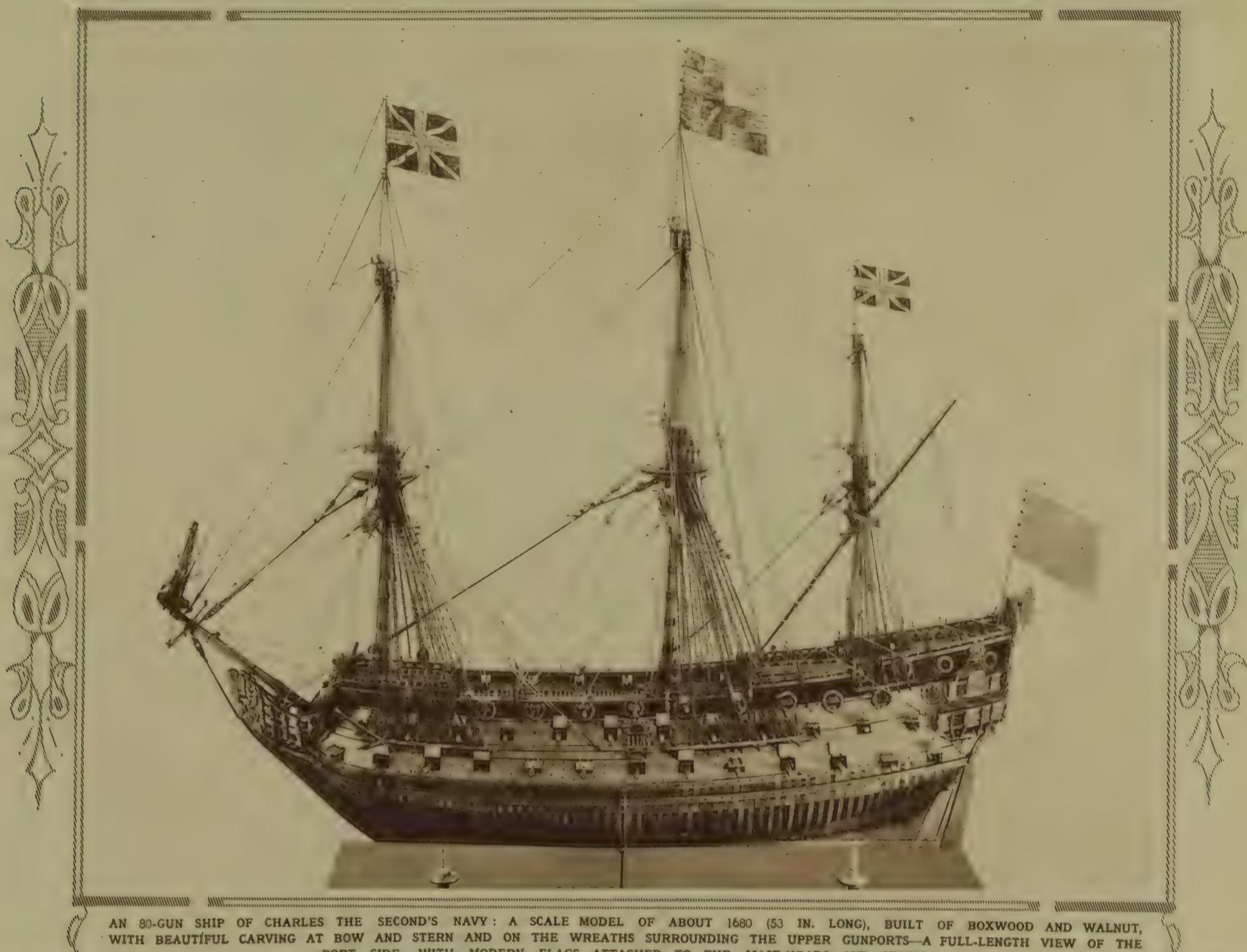
the rule. And astute will be the managers who grasp time—and our operettas—by the forelock, and call the tunes that to-day, as yesterday, will entice the masses to their playhouses.



A ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY OF FRENCH REVOLUTION DAYS IN AN AMERICAN SETTING: "THE NEW MOON," AT DRURY LANE—THE CAPTIVE HERO'S FRIENDS, DISGUISED AS PIRATES, BOARD A FRENCH FRIGATE TO RESCUE HIM.

The story of "The New Moon" is founded on the actual career of a French aristocrat, who had to leave France and became a bond servant in New Orleans, where he fell in love with his master's daughter. Captured by a spy of Louis XVI., he was taken in chains on board the "New Moon" (a French frigate), and was rescued by his comrades, who boarded the ship disguised as pirates. Later adventures occur on a tropical island.

A WAR-SHIP OF THE STUART NAVY: A RARE CHARLES II. MODEL.



AN 80-GUN SHIP OF CHARLES THE SECOND'S NAVY: A SCALE MODEL OF ABOUT 1680 (53 IN. LONG), BUILT OF BOXWOOD AND WALNUT, WITH BEAUTIFUL CARVING AT BOW AND STERN AND ON THE WREATHS SURROUNDING THE UPPER GUNPORTS—A FULL-LENGTH VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE, WITH MODERN FLAGS ATTACHED TO THE MAST-HEADS AND STERN.



WITH AN ELABORATE AND EXQUISITELY CARVED FIGUREHEAD AND OTHER DECORATION: DETAIL OF THE BOWS OF THE ABOVE SHIP-MODEL SEEN FROM THE STARBOARD SIDE.

INCLUDING THE ROYAL ARMS BETWEEN A PAIR OF STANDING FIGURES AND SURMOUNTED BY TWO EQUESTRIAN "CUPIDS": DETAIL OF THE WONDERFUL CARVING ON THE STERN.

The subject of ship-models is of special interest at the moment since the famous collection of models in the training-ship "Mercury" (illustrated in our issue of March 30), lately offered for sale and in danger of going to America, has been saved for this country by Sir James Caird, who has bought it for £30,000. The Charles II. ship-model here illustrated is now in the possession of Mr. J. M. Botibol, the well-known antique-dealer, of Hanway Street. "The model is con-

structed," he writes, "almost entirely of boxwood and walnut, with exquisitely carved figures on stern and quarters, head timbers, and hanging pieces, the upper tier of gunports being wreathed with beautiful carving in boxwood. It is un-planked from the lower walls to the keel, and all the decks from fo'c'sle to poop are left open, thus affording a splendid view of the internal construction." The model is 53 in. long by 48 in. high and 12 in. wide.

Three Men and the War: The Loathly Thing.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"A SOLDIER'S DIARY"; "L.M. 8046"; and "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT."*

FIFTEEN years ago, books of the kind and naturalism of "A Soldier's Diary," "L.M. 8046," and "All Quiet on the Western Front" could not have been written: none could have imagined the sickening and macabre horrors that are in them. Fifteen—even ten—years ago, no publisher would have dared to issue them if they had been written; the first, possibly, excepted.

Fifteen years ago War was a word; ten years ago it was a wound; now it is a scar. Fifteen years ago—how brief a time it seems!—"Decisive Battles" were of the Histories and the coloured Supplement. There was a conspiracy of silence on the part of the few who knew. Only that moiety of the Regulars who had seen active service had any conception of what warfare meant. Within memory, South Africa, the North-West Frontier, Egypt and the Soudan, Tripoli, Mexico, China, the inevitable Balkans and the unspeakable Turk: they had their dismal casualty lists. There were even photographs of the trenches after Spion Kop, photographs that were not reproduced—out of consideration for the dead and the living. The Russo-Japanese War: that was revelatory, indeed; but it was remote. Not until Germany elected to take the field in '14 did the man in the street, in the factory, and on the farm have it brought home to him that he was potential cannon-fodder and come to realise that the self-sacrifice, the stoicism, the heroism that are the only glories of war are flowers that bloom in blood and mud and beastliness—lilies in a loathly bed.

Even then little was said: to have retailed the facts would have been impolitic, if not deemed unpatriotic and cowardly. Since the Armistice it has been different. Soldiers of the Great War, being, for the most part, civilians, have become articulate and are preachers of peace, consciously or without premeditation, according to their lights; not because they are fearful, but because they recognise the folly and filth of fighting, the sheer stupidity of it, the baseness of a creed that makes Massacre a god who must be placated, if not worshipped.

There has been much talk of disarmament; it continues; it will continue; it may be concluded. Meantime, it is a pity that those participants in the conferences who were not in one or other of the Front Lines cannot be compelled to read all such records as those before us. They would not find them pleasant—most emphatically, they are not for the squeamish; they would shudder at the lurid and "spade"-like language of "L.M. 8046" and shrink from what they would dub the disgusting freedom of description in "All Quiet on the Western Front"; but they might begin to understand.

The lectures would be the more valuable in that they would be given to them neither by professional

soldiers nor by conscripts, but by volunteers. The writer of the Diary, it is true, was a Territorial, but he was *un homme de bonne volonté*, as the French have it, in regard to duty overseas; Mr. David W. King is an American who joined those raw Légionnaires (English, American, Russian, Belgian, Swiss, and so on) who were stiffened by *anciens* from Africa, and eventually transferred to the 170th Infantry, *les Hirondelles de la Mort*; Herr Remarque's Paul Bäumer answered his schoolmaster's patriotic call to arms.

And Herr Remarque, with the voice of Bäumer: "We have become wild beasts. We do not fight, we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs, what do we know of men in this moment when Death with hands and helmets is hunting us down? . . . We crouch behind every corner, behind every barrier of barbed wire, and hurl heaps of explosives at the feet of the advancing enemy before we run. The blast of the hand-grenades impinges powerfully on our arms and legs; crouching like cats we run on, overwhelmed by this wave that bears us along, that fills us with ferocity, turning us into thugs, into murderers, into God only knows what devils; this wave that multiplies our strength with fear and madness and greed of life, seeking and fighting for nothing but our deliverance. If your own father came over with them you wouldn't hesitate to fling a bomb into him."

Three extracts! They are as nothing compared with innumerable other passages I could quote, passages that can dismay and shock and are repellent, so unrestrainedly do they detail the doings of men forced back into the primitive. I refrain from the worst because they must be read with their context, and for the sufficient reason that *The Illustrated London News*, being a journal for the general, has to conform to certain conventions. But I do not hesitate to advise those to whom truth is more than comfortable complacencies to read "A Soldier's Diary," "L.M. 8046," and "All Quiet on the Western Front"; although, again, I warn them that so far as the last two are concerned they will be startled, nauseated, and abashed—and, in the case of the German work, I agree that there are sanitary and "domestic" episodes that should have been omitted, and could have been without weakening the whole. The story of the Légionnaire is well-nigh as brutal in its "Zola-ism"; that of the English—or is it the Scottish?—diarist is infinitely more restrained.

Yet; what would you? War is unclean, and, like a leper of old, it should ring its bell: "Room for the leper! Room!" If you have doubted when talk has been of terror and of red death, murmuring of exaggeration, of shell-shock, of nerves over-strained, these sober narratives will convince you: and they are as sober, as they are sombre, as obviously genuine as they are fantastically grim.

They haunt: they are a gallery of mad Wiertz pictures, of Vereschagin verisimilitude, Hogarthian coarseness, Rowlandsonian ribaldry—and post-mortem photography: the German and the American; with serener English "pieces."

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is definitely a "big" book, though many will think that it is unashamedly and unnecessarily gross. "L.M. 8046" is almost as notable, but not so outspoken. "A Soldier's Diary of the Great War" is simple, and strong in its very simplicity. Each is of unusual merit. You can choose; but you should read the three. Scenes from them, to suggest the styles.

"A Soldier's Diary": "April 16: . . . One picks up a man with his brains blown out (they will not keep their dear silly heads down!), and five minutes after we have forgotten the pitiful sight and are laughing over some jest." . . . "The other day, Dalny, our

[Continued on page 778]

* "A Soldier's Diary of the Great War." With an Introduction by Henry Williamson. (Faber and Gwyer; 7s. 6d. net.)

"L.M. 8046: The War-Diary of a Légionnaire." By David W. King. (Arrowsmith; 5s. net.)

"All Quiet on the Western Front." By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German ("Im Westen Nichts Neues") by A. W. Wheen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 7s. 6d. net.)



AUTHOR OF THE MOST DISCUSSED GERMAN WAR BOOK, KNOWN HERE AS "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT": HERR ERICH MARIA REMARQUE.

Herr Erich Maria Remarque, a young poet who is a native of Lower Saxony, has had an enormous success in Germany with his book about the war, entitled "Im Westen Nichts Neues." The English version, "All Quiet on the Western Front," which is reviewed on this page, is also being very widely read.

All three were in at the beginning and until the end; all fought valiantly; two were wounded; Paul Bäumer was killed; and the verdict of each is the same. The writer of the Diary concludes: "Thank God the end of the awful blind waste and brutality of war has come, and let us pray it may never return. . . . After this lesson, is man too little-minded and forgetful to banish the things that cause war?"

Mr. King has: "This war gets worse and more terrible every day. . . . I don't see how flesh and blood stands it. It makes me sick when some bloated profiteer sits in his arm-chair in Paris and talks about going on to the limit. If those people had to go through sixteen hours' shelling, and didn't die of heart-failure, we would have peace tomorrow."

Our Dogs: Leaves from Cecil Aldin's Sketch Book—No. 2.

DRAWINGS DONE FROM LIFE BY CECIL ALDIN, AUTHOR OF "DOGS OF CHARACTER," "A DOG DAY," ETC. (COPYRIGHTED.)



DIGNITY IN LITTLE: A PEKINESE.



IN A COMFORTABLE "PEW": A SCOTCH TERRIER.



REPOSING, BUT ALERT: THE "SCOTTIE" AGAIN.



WISTFUL ATTENTION: A DANDIE PUPPY.



WOLF-LIKE IN APPEARANCE, NERVOUS, AND SLOW TO MAKE FRIENDS: THE ALSATIAN.

Here we give the second instalment of the series (begun in our issue of April 13) of dog studies done from life by that famous animal artist, Mr. Cecil Aldin, whose inimitable drawings bring out every phase of canine personality. In his book, "Dogs of Character," describing some of the breeds shown above, he says: "The Scotch Terrier, or Aberdeen, is a rough-haired terrier of the short-legged, undocked type, with a hard coat, black, grey, or wheaten, or various shades of brindle in colour, ears small and erect, a long, punishing

head, and compact body. The Dandie Dinmont, the Cairn, and Border terriers are all distinct rough-haired terrier breeds." Putting in a plea for the Alsatian, he writes: "We must remember that there are at the moment probably more Alsatians in England than any other breed of large dog, and in consequence a larger proportion of both good and bad characters. . . . If anyone gets bitten by an Alsatian, the whole world hears of it. The Alsatian is a highly nervous dog, and . . . does not make friends quickly."

The Airman's "Cenotaph": A Famous London War Memorial.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER MACLEAN, R.B.A. SHOWN AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS EXHIBITION. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"TWILIGHT ON THE EMBANKMENT," BY ALEXANDER MACLEAN: LONG FAMILIAR "LIGHTS OF LONDON" NOW YIELDING PLACE TO A BRILLIANT NEW LIGHTING SCHEME.

Mr. MacLean's fine picture of the R.A.F. War Memorial on the Victoria Embankment is also of interest as recording a phase in the history of that thoroughfare which is now passing away. In view of the importance of the Embankment as a traffic-way, and the frequent occurrence of collisions at night, when many cars have run into lamp-posts and pillars in the road, owing to the dimness, the London County Council has put in hand a new

lighting scheme which will make the Embankment the best-illuminated street in the world. The old pedestal lamps are being removed, and in their place there will be a double row of powerful overhead lights strung from lamp standards along both sides of the road, from the Houses of Parliament to Blackfriars Bridge. They will provide, it is said, "a blaze of wonderful light the like of which will be seen in no other city."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE RECENT EVENTS.



ONE OF CALIGULA'S GALLEYS (SUNK IN LAKE NEMI 1800 YEARS AGO)

AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST PICTURED IT: A "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING.
The right-hand photograph above shows the remains of one of the Roman Emperor Caligula's famous pleasure-galleys, built about A.D. 40, and sunk some 1800 years ago in Lake Nemi, about twenty miles from Rome. The work of pumping the lake to a sufficiently low level to permit of recovering the whole of the

(Continued opposite.)



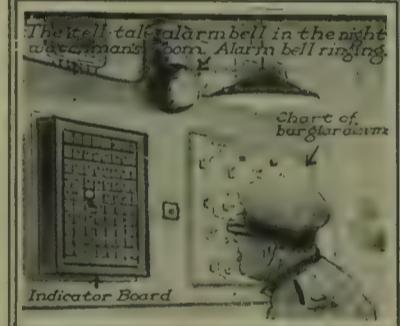
ONE OF CALIGULA'S PLEASURE-GALLEYS SUNK IN LAKE NEMI, AS SEEN WHEN RECENTLY REVEALED, BY PUMPING THE LAKE ALMOST DRY: REMAINS OF A SMALL CRAFT—A CONTRAST

TO THE LARGE AND SPLENDID VESSEL SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING "RECONSTRUCTION."
boats was begun last October, and is still proceeding. It is expected to be finished in a few weeks. The earliest attempt to retrieve the galleys was made in 1446. The left-hand illustration, reproduced from our issue of October 11, 1924, is a reconstruction drawing by Professor G. Mancini, of Rome, showing his idea of the larger galley as it might have appeared to Caligula, who is seen approaching on the right.



THE INVISIBLE SELENIUM
RAY BURGLAR-ALARM AS
USED AT SEAFORD HOUSE:
A CIRCUIT BROKEN BY
OPENING A DOOR.

On right.]
HOW THE RAY CAN GIVE
THE ALARM: A BELL
RINGING IN A WATCHMAN'S
ROOM, AND AN INDICATOR
SHOWING THE POSITION.



Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles visited, on April 29, the exhibition of old silver at Seaford House. The silver, which is valued at over £500,000, is largely displayed without glass, and is protected by invisible rays passing in front of it, as well as across all doors, windows, and shutters. Even a pointed finger protruding beyond the guard ropes sets off an alarm bell. Lord Lascelles tested the efficacy of the system by attempting to handle a gold

(Continued opposite.)



THE JOAN OF ARC CELEBRATIONS IN FRANCE: THE MAID (IMPERSONATED
BY MME. SCHAEFFER) MAKING HER ENTRY INTO CHINON.

The celebrations in Touraine, commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the raising of the siege of Orleans by Joan of Arc in 1429, will culminate in that city on May 7 and 8. Among those present will be the British Ambassador to France, Sir William Tyrrell, and a delegation headed by Cardinal Bourne. The celebrations began on April 27 at Chinon, where, on the

SHOWING (IN WHITE DOTTED LINES) THE INVISIBLE RAY ALARM THEY TESTED: PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES AT THE SEAFORD HOUSE SILVER EXHIBITION.

cup lent by the Duke of Norfolk, but was frustrated by the immediate ringing of the automatic alarm bells.

The mechanism, worked by the use of selenium, was described and illustrated in our issue of November 17 last,

from which we reproduce here two of the explanatory diagrams. The drawings were made by courtesy of Radiovisor Parent, Ltd., whose system is the one used at Seaford House.



RE-ENACTING THE RECEPTION OF JOAN OF ARC BY CHARLES VII. ON THE ACTUAL SCENE
OF THE EVENT: AN EPISODE OF THE HISTORIC PAGEANT AT CHINON.

following day, was represented the Maid's entry into the castle to interview the King. Only the walls of the hall where she was received by Charles VII. now stand, but it was possible to re-enact the scene on the actual spot. The ceremony was attended by Lord Provost Stevenson of Edinburgh, a descendant of William Bellier, Governor of the Castle of Chinon in 1429.

"SEA-ELEPHANTS" AND SMOKE-SCREENS: REMARKABLE NEW JAPANESE AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS WITH FUNNELS LIKE TRUNKS.

DRAWN BY OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., M.B., CH.B., JOINT EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS." (COPYRIGHTED.)



STRANGE INNOVATIONS IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE AIR AGE: JAPANESE AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS WITH FUNNELS CURVED DOWNWARD TO DIVERT FUMES FROM AEROPLANES—
"KAGA" (LEFT) EMITTING A SMOKE-SCREEN FROM HER PORT "TRUNK"; AND "AKAGI" SEEN AGAINST A PHOSPHORUS SMOKE-CURTAIN LAID BY AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

In our issue of February 16 we illustrated and described some of the features of recent Japanese war-ships which tend to give them such extraordinary profiles. The above drawing of the new aircraft-carriers, "Akagi" and "Kaga," pictured for the first time, shows that Japan has succeeded in producing ships of an even more bizarre appearance than our own "Furious." The ship in the left foreground, "Kaga"—was originally designed as a 40,000-ton battle-ship, and selected for conversion into a carrier, under the Treaty, when "Amagi"—a sister to "Akagi"—was hopelessly damaged in the 1923 earthquake. She now displaces 28,100 tons, and, with 91,000 horse-power, can steam at 25 knots. She is a deck higher than "Furious," and has accommodation for sixty planes. The unique feature in the ship is the manner in which the smoke problem has been tackled, the big funnels which characterise "Eagle," "Courageous," and "Hermes"

being replaced by a huge trunk on each side extending nearly half of the ship's length, and turning outward towards the stern to form a smoke vent. "Akagi" was designed as a 42,000-ton battle-cruiser (larger than the "Hood"), and is some 50 ft. longer and 10 ft. less in beam than "Kaga," although she now has the same displacement. In general design she resembles "Kaga," but differs strikingly in her funnels, both of which are brought out on the starboard side. The foremost is trunked outward and downward amidships, and the second projects upward slightly above the flight deck abaft this. The latter would be used under ordinary steaming conditions, and the downward trunk during flights to keep the fumes clear of landing planes. "Kaga" is shown putting up a smoke-screen from her port trunk, while astern of "Akagi" is a phosphorus smoke curtain being laid by a plane—the most effective screen yet devised.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOTOR LIFEBOAT: THE "PRINCESS MARY," TO BE PLACED AT PADSTOW, AT FULL SPEED DURING TRIALS OFF COWES.

It was recently stated that, since the Prince of Wales's appeal last year, four shipping companies had presented motor-lifeboats to the service. The P. and O. group, through Lord Inchcape, gave £14,500 to provide one of the largest and most powerful type, to be named the "Princess Mary," and stationed at Padstow, Cornwall. The boat is 61 ft. long, and can carry 150 people.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S COUNTRY HOUSE FOR GOLF THIS SUMMER: MIDDLETON (ON THE RIGHT), ADJOINING THE SUNNINGDALE COURSE.



A NEW NATIONAL TREASURE: A 12TH-CENTURY FRENCH ROMANESQUE FIGURE OF AN ANGEL.

The figure of an angel illustrated here (full-face and in profile), recently acquired in Paris by the Victoria and Albert Museum, is an exceedingly interesting and valuable example of French Romanesque sculpture of the finest period, the later 12th century. It is carved in Caen stone, and closely resembles angels on the West door of Chartres Cathedral, ascribed to an unknown sculptor known as "the Master of the Angels." The figure originally formed the voussoir of an arch, and is represented half-length on clouds.



NEWS OF THE WEEK BY ILLUSTRATION: INTERESTING SCENES AND OCCASIONS.



TAKEN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AGAIN THIS YEAR AS A "GOLFING-BOX": MIDDLETON, A SECLUDED HOUSE AT SUNNINGDALE.

The Prince of Wales has again taken, for May, June, and July, Captain R. Wavell Paxton's house named Middleton, at Titlark Hill, and adjoining the famous golf-course at Sunningdale. The Prince tenanted the house last summer, and found it very convenient for the purpose of golfing week-ends, and delightfully secluded.



THE PRIME MINISTER MAKES A "TALKING" FILM FOR ELECTION PURPOSES: MR. BALDWIN SPEAKING BEFORE THE RECORDING APPARATUS.

At the Prime Minister's official residence—No. 10, Downing Street—a special "talking" film was made on April 25, by British Talking Pictures, representing the Premier speaking on subjects connected with the General Election. The film was made in the garden at "No. 10." Mr. Baldwin is seen speaking, at the table on the right, before the film camera and the sound-recording apparatus.



NELSON'S CABIN FURNITURE ON BOARD THE "VICTORY": RELICS IT IS HOPED TO SAVE FOR THE NATION.

The dining-table, sideboard, and wine-cooler seen in the photograph were lent to the Admiralty by their owner, Mr. L. M. Feuerheerd, formerly of Oporto, and were deposited for exhibition in the fore-cabin aboard the "Victory" last October. Mr. Feuerheerd is now compelled to dispose of them. He has resisted several American offers, and it is hoped that these historic relics may be acquired for the nation. They were in Nelson's cabin at Trafalgar.



THE FIRST USE OF THE TOTALISATOR IN ENGLAND BY OFFICIALS OF THE BETTING CONTROL BOARD: AN INCIDENT AT THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW MEETING.

The Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt meeting was held on the Ardenrun estate of Captain Barnato, on April 25. The occasion was noteworthy (says the "Sporting Life") inasmuch as bookmakers and their new competitor, the Totalisator, worked side by side, this being the first occasion on which the "Tote" has been directly in charge of officials appointed by the Racecourse Betting Control Board. The machine was of the portable type, constructed by a Norwich firm.

ATTENDED BY 92,576 ENTHUSIASTS: THE CUP FINAL—AND THE PRINCE.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS.



THE CUP FINAL MATCH BETWEEN THE BOLTON WANDERERS AND PORTSMOUTH, AT THE WEMBLEY STADIUM: AN AERIAL VIEW, SHOWING THE ENORMOUS CROWD, AND THE RIVAL TEAMS LINED UP TO BE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



GREETING THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE STADIUM FOR THE CUP FINAL: A SECTION OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD WAVING SONG-SHEETS IN SALUTE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

On Saturday, April 27, the Bolton Wanderers met Portsmouth at Wembley Stadium, in the Cup Final; and, as all know, the Wanderers won by two goals to nil. 92,576 enthusiasts attended the match, and the receipts were approximately £23,400. As usual, the scene was a remarkable one. The big crowd seemed somewhat subdued, despite the playing of massed bands, appeals from loud speakers, and community singing, until the starting of the hymn, "Abide with Me." Then they sang out impressively. A little later cheers greeted the Wanderers, and then "Pompey," as they came on to the field; and there followed

even greater cheers and much waving of song-sheets as the Prince of Wales stepped out, that the teams and the referee might be presented to him. After the match, his Royal Highness handed the Cup to the winners, and the medals to the two teams. The King, who has witnessed quite a number of Finals in the past, sent a telegram saying: "The King sends his sincere thanks to the members of the Football Association assembled at Wembley for their kind message of good wishes. It is a source of great regret to him that he is unable to be present at the Cup Final to-day."

THE AEROPLANE IN ANTARCTIC DISCOVERY:

VAST NEW REGIONS MAPPED BY AIR— COMMANDER BYRD'S GREAT EXPEDITION.



THE GREAT ICE BARRIER, SOME 2000 MILES SOUTH OF NEW ZEALAND:
A VIEW FROM ONE OF COMMANDER BYRD'S SHIPS IN THE ANTARCTIC.



A GROUP OF PENGUINS UPON AN ICE-FLOE IN THE ANTARCTIC SEAS:
AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH FROM ONE OF COMMANDER BYRD'S SHIPS
DURING THE VOYAGE.



"THE CITY OF NEW YORK" AND A COMPANION SHIP APPROACHING THE GREAT
ICE BARRIER: THE VESSELS OF THE BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION NEARING
THEIR GOAL.



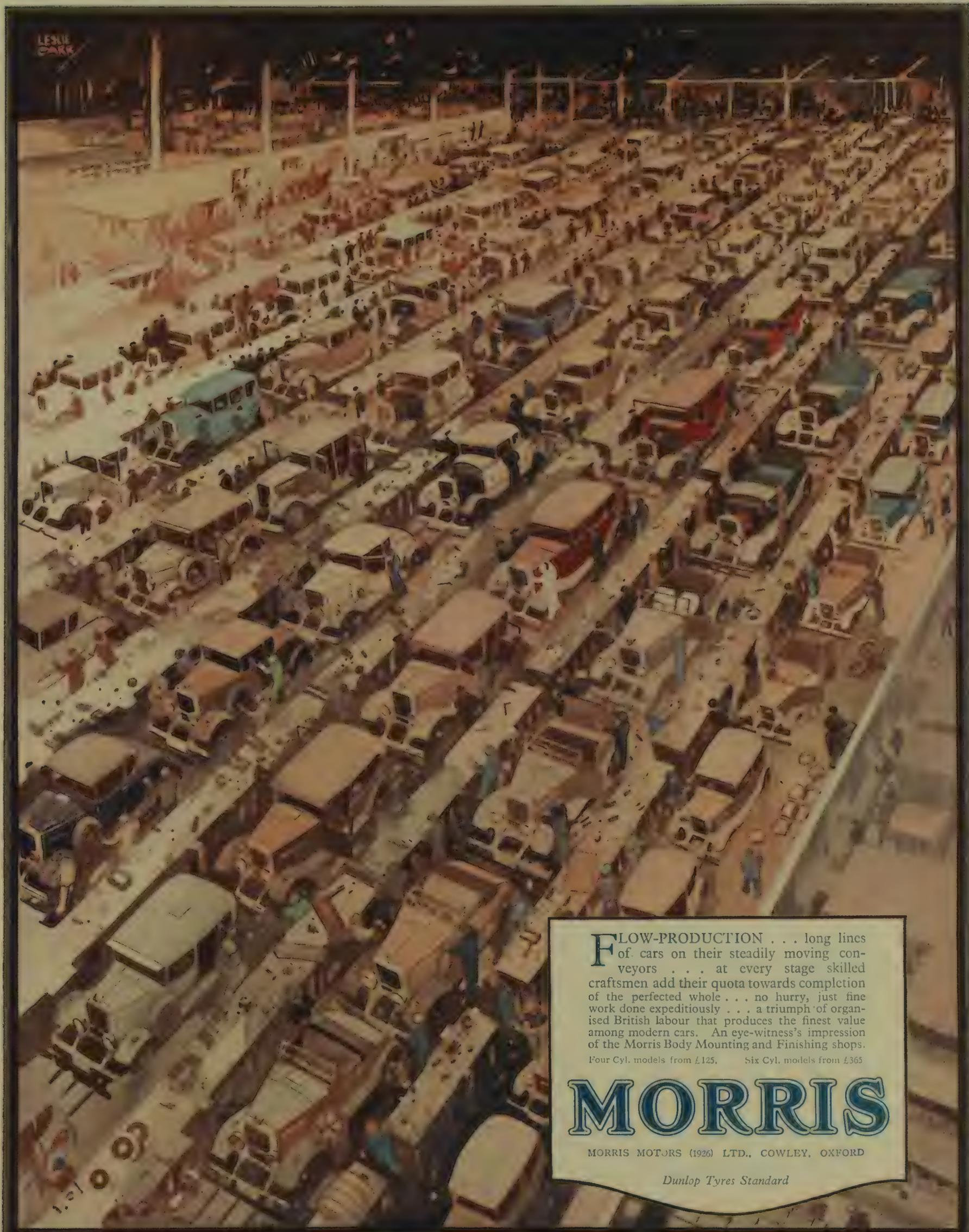
BERNT BALCHEN BESIDE THE FOKKER MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE AND TWO
COMPANIONS MADE A FORCED LANDING IN THE ANTARCTIC WASTES, BEING
LATER RESCUED BY COMMANDER BYRD IN ANOTHER AEROPLANE.



LANDING ONE OF THE ALL-METAL AEROPLANES USED IN THE ANTARCTIC:
THE MACHINE HOISTED ON TO THE ICE BARRIER FROM THE EXPEDITION'S
FLAG-SHIP, "CITY OF NEW YORK."

Commander Richard Byrd, the American Antarctic explorer, announced on February 21 that he had discovered and mapped, by air, a vast new territory, which he claimed for the United States. The region had been named Marie Byrd Land after his wife. He stated that he had discovered a second and larger mountain range (east and south of the one he had previously discovered and named the Rockefeller Range), containing peaks from 8000 to 10,000 ft. high, in the new Marie Byrd Land, between the Ross Sea and Grahams Land, outside the British territory. Altogether the expedition had then explored about 40,000 square miles. On April 5 certain American newspapers prophesied an early Note to Great Britain from the U.S. Government "contesting the British claims in Antarctica." The "Times" correspondent at Washington then wrote: "At the official source of information the urgency of the matter was denied. The ultimate despatch of a communication to the British Government..."

is admittedly probable, but the dossier of the United States' case . . . has not yet reached the new Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson." When the Foreign Office first heard of Commander Byrd's expedition, a communication was sent to Washington setting out the British rights and offering every possible assistance to the explorers. Commander Byrd, it may be recalled, reached the Great Ice Barrier, in his ship, "The City of New York," on Christmas Day last. His expedition included 86 men and four aeroplanes.



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PRESENT YIELDS TO PAST IN ROME: FASCISM HONOURS ANTIQUITY.



WHERE THE CONSTRUCTION OF A HUGE MODERN BUILDING WAS FORBIDDEN FOR THE SAKE OF THE ANTIQUITIES ON THE SITE: ANCIENT TEMPLES EXCAVATED IN THE LARGO ARGENTINA, FORMING A NEW ARCHAEOLOGICAL ZONE IN THE VERY CENTRE OF ROME, AND LATELY INAUGURATED BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.



DISCOVERED BETWEEN TWO OF THE TEMPLES SHOWN IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION: A COLOSSAL HEAD, SPLENDIDLY PRESERVED, BELIEVED TO REPRESENT BELLONA, THE ROMAN GODDESS OF WAR.



THE ANCIENT TOMB OF SCIPIO RESTORED: ONE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL WORKS IN ROME LATELY INSPECTED BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

On the Birthday of Rome (April 21), Signor Mussolini inaugurated various public works, of which the most interesting was the new archaeological zone in the Largo Argentina (shown in the upper photograph) situated in the centre of the city. This valuable site was to have been occupied by a huge modern building, but its construction was prohibited by the authorities for the sake of

the ancient buildings discovered there, and the excavations, which are still proceeding, were vigorously instituted—a striking example of the enthusiastic care for antiquities constantly shown by the Fascist Government. Excavation has brought to light at this spot the remains of four Roman temples dating from the fifth to the first centuries B.C., one of them covered by the ruins of a mediæval Christian church; and recently there was found a sculptured head, of heroic size and splendidly preserved, believed to represent Bellona. The temples stand in line, and some of the original columns remain erect. It is not yet known to what divinities they were all dedicated. The floor level is some 20 ft. below that of the modern streets, and the hollow space has been adorned with a shrubbery in the ancient Roman style. The new archaeological zone is now open to the public.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT has been said that every man by the time he reaches forty is either a philosopher or a fool. I don't know who said it, but I presume he was a philosopher, or at any rate regarded himself as such. If his proposition is correct, I trust the standard of philosophy required is not too technical or academic, and does not involve passing an exam. in the subject, otherwise I fear my place is in the other category. It is probably true, however, that everyone who thinks about life at all does evolve in his own mind, more or less unconsciously, some sort of explanation of existence which may be called his philosophy. But it is not given to all of us to reduce our philosophy to a system or expound it in a printed book.

There lies before me just now a work which I know to be an important contribution to modern thought, namely, "THE SCIENCES AND PHILOSOPHY." Gifford Lectures, University of Glasgow, 1927 AND 1928. By J. S. Haldane, C.H., M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Honorary Professor, University of Birmingham (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.). This is a book which is to me of absorbing interest, especially as it deals with a problem that is now in everybody's mind—the relation between science and philosophy and religion. "I have tried to put into these lectures," says Professor Haldane, "the matured conclusions of a scientific lifetime during which the philosophical questions raised by the scientist have been constantly before me."

It is, of course, impossible here to summarise adequately a work of such depth and scope. Looking for a passage which might convey compactly, as it were, the author's own confession of faith, I lit upon the following: "If my reasoning has been correct, there is no real connection between religion and belief in supernatural events of any sort or kind. It is only a narrow view of what is 'natural' that prevents our recognising the presence of God everywhere within and around us. The spiritual world of values which we ordinarily recognise is something far less abstract and unreal than what we call the physical world. But the spiritual is also the world of Nature, unless we confine the connotation of the word Nature to a mere idealised conception of reality. When, moreover, we look at this spiritual world as a whole, it appears as one Spiritual Reality in which individual interests and individual values disappear as such. It is this which we recognise when we speak, in the language of religion, of God. Nothing else is real except God, and relations of time and space are only the order of His manifestation. Nature is just the manifestation of God, and evolution is no mere biological or physical phenomenon, but the order in time—relations of His manifestation."

If I am not a qualified philosopher, still less am I a qualified psychologist. My mind, in fact, is one of those that form suitable virgin soil in which to implant "THE A.B.C. OF PSYCHOLOGY." By C. K. Ogden, Magdalene College, Cambridge, Editor of "The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method." Illustrated (Kegan Paul; 4s. 6d.). The author offers his little book to those seriously approaching psychology for the first time, as "a brief account of the nucleus of accredited opinion from which the growing science is tending to develop . . . in the simplest possible language in the light of the most recent advances." His manner of exposition is much brighter than that of other works on the subject that I have seen. A psychologist who talks chattily about the ways of cats and monkeys, or the passions of the ant or the crocodile, and can quote both Keats and "Babbitt," is obviously a man of wide sympathy and catholic taste. "Psychology," he says, "is the youngest of the sciences and the most attractive—

Oldest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy,

says Keats in his 'Ode to Psyche.' The study of the *psyche*, of mental processes, besides its universal appeal, has this further advantage that we each carry perpetually about with us all the subject matter that it requires."

Nature—with a capital N—may be defined (as by Prof. Haldane) but is somewhat difficult to personify. I cannot claim to be a naturalist any more than a philosopher or a psychologist, but I can at least boast of having carefully studied an article on natural history, by one of our most distinguished living naturalists, week by week, for more than twenty years. Many of these articles, all from *The Illustrated London News*, are gathered into a delightful volume entitled "RANDOM GLEANINGS FROM NATURE'S FIELDS." By W. P. Pycraft, Assistant Keeper, Zoological Department, British Museum (Natural History). With 90 Illustrations. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Pycraft is not concerned here with philosophical speculations as to the origin of Nature, but rather with an infinity of fascinating detail in living creatures, plants, and flowers. His nearest approach to any discussion of the relation between science and religion occurs in a criticism on the Biblical story of Jonah, from a naturalist's point of view. If I might venture to suggest the underlying purpose of his weekly articles, it is to encourage readers to observe and think for themselves, to look beyond the obvious, and to seek always for the why and the wherefore in any peculiar characteristic or distinctive feature. His little book is not only a treasure-house of information, but abounds with

THE TREE."

Edited by Georgina Mase. With Frontispiece Wood-engraving by John Nash (Peter Davies; 6s.). On opening it, however, I found that it is not a botanical study but an anthology—a very pleasing one—of passages about trees from English poetry and prose, including a number of complete short poems. The extracts range in date from the sixth century to the present day, and are prefaced by a charming and scholarly essay by the compiler.

Her allusions to the trees of Paradise and tree worship in early religions brings me now to a beautiful book wherein, the tale of Eden is retold, along with many others of the more dramatic episodes in the Old Testament. I refer to "STORIES FROM THE BIBLE." By Walter de la Mare. (Faber and Gwyer; 7s. 6d.). The author has approached his task in a very modest and reverent spirit, and, applying to it his own poetic quality, has produced a book which will attract young readers (for whom it is mainly intended) far more than did the old-fashioned moralising paraphrases of Victorian days. Explaining his motives, Mr. de la Mare writes: "The Bible, it is said, is not being read so much nowadays as it used to be, while there was a time when, it is recorded, a load of hay would be paid gladly for the loan of a manuscript Testament for an hour a day. . . . My small endeavour has been to lighten some of the difficulties, while yet keeping as close to the spirit of the text as I am capable of. In many cases I have kept even to the letter. Apart from that, remembrance of what the matchless originals in the Bible itself meant to me when I was a child is still fresh and vivid in mind, and these renderings are little more than an attempt to put that remembrance as completely as I can into words."

The Story of the Flood, which is one of the best examples of Mr. de la Mare's method, might be called almost topical just now for several reasons, one being the recent centenary of the "Zoo." As a *Punch* poet has neatly put it—

The animals that live in
Regent's Park
Are much the best col-
lection since the Ark.

And in this respect Noah might be regarded as a precursor of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell.

The Deluge has also figured of late in two other slightly incongruous spheres of activity—the cinema and archaeological excavation. Mr. Leonard Woolley, it will be remembered, recently discovered traces of the actual Flood of Sumerian legend at Ur of the Chaldees, and similar evidences found at Kish have lately been mentioned by Prof. Stephen Langdon. A

scientist would, I suppose, assume a rationalistic explanation of Noah's proceedings in the form of premonitory symptoms of the coming cataclysm. The building of a huge floating menagerie must have taken some time and attracted considerable attention. Perhaps it was not really such a big affair. Some might suggest that possibly Noah owned a barge on the Tigris or the Euphrates. At any rate, he was an enthusiastic naturalist, and in a sense the Father of Zoology.

If the Deluge is a topical subject, there is certainly nothing antediluvian, at the present season, about such a book as "A CRICKET BAG." And some (amusing) illustrations. By James Thorpe. With a Foreword by Gilbert L. Jessop (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.; 7s. 6d.). This is one of the best cricket books I have read, full of humour, anecdote, intense keenness on the game, and a genial philosophy. That word brings me back to the point from which I started, and the inclusion of the book in my "team" is justified by the author's own words. "Cricket," he writes, "is very much more than a game. It is a religion. And there are many worse forms of religion. No sport has a higher tribute to its worthiness than the application to any action mean or deceitful of the judgment that it is not 'cricket.'" Mr. Thorpe writes chiefly of club, school, and village cricket, in the light of his own experiences. His doughty introducer commends the book as a "valuable contribution to cricket literature, written in a light style—devoid of the bugbear of statistics and with never a dull page." I hope it may make as big a hit as any that Jessop himself ever brought off!—C. E. B.

PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES: "THE OLD WELSH BRIDGE AT SHREWSBURY,"

BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.—A PICTURE PAINTED ABOUT 1749.

This beautiful example of the art of Richard Wilson has just been presented to the National Museum of Wales by Mr. David Davies, M.P., of Llandinarn, and his two sisters, the Misses Gwendolen and Margaret Davies, of Gregynog. The painting was acquired from Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., the well-known art dealers. The Director of the Department of Art at the Museum says of it: "This picture is of Welsh national interest in every way, and adds enormously to the status of our collection of Wilsons, and its acquisition by the Museum is an invaluable addition."

suggestions for interesting lines of inquiry. Numerous and excellent photographs and diagrams greatly enhance the charm of the text.

On the art side of natural history, I must mention briefly two new volumes in an attractive series called "ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE," entitled respectively "REPTILES" and "FISHES AND SEA ANIMALS," each with text and wood-cuts by Eric Fitch Daglish (Dent; 2s. 6d.). The *raison d'être* of these books is, of course, the wood-cuts, which are bold, clear, and extremely decorative. Each is faced on the opposite page by a short description of the creature illustrated. I know from experience that these admirable wood-cuts appeal strongly to children, as well as to aesthetic persons of maturer age.

Scientists do not often drop into poetry, but when they do, though they may not attain to the lyrical cry of a Keats or a Shelley, their verse is apt to possess much more concrete interest than that of the average minor poet. This applies to an interesting booklet which has reached me from America, entitled "LIFE." Studies in the Poetry of Science. By John Belling, Universities of London and Maine (Margaret Mary Morgan Co., 619, California Street, San Francisco). In one line the author puts a question that no scientist has yet been able to answer—

Whence came the atoms that have built the All?

I thought I was still in the region of natural history when I took up a little volume called "THE BOOK OF

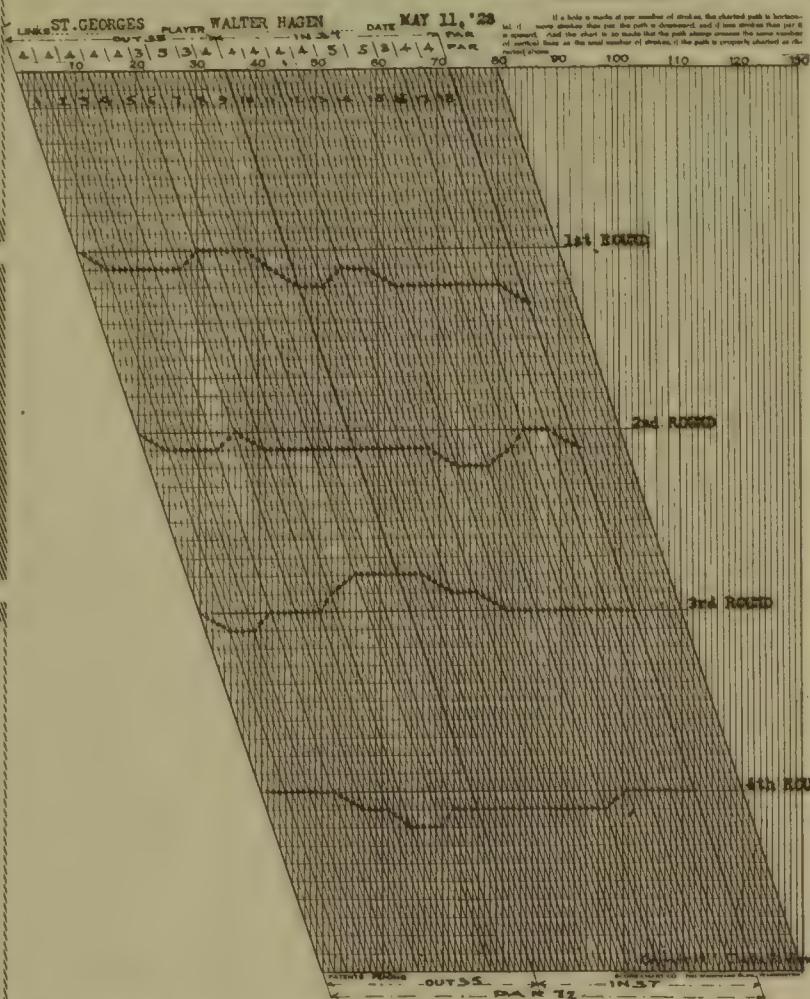


CHARTS FOR RECORDING SCORES AT GOLF: GRAPHS OF "PAR," "BIRDIES," AND "EAGLES"— NEW AIDS IN FOLLOWING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Describing this new method of charting golf scores—useful both in private play and for following championship matches intelligently—in the "Scientific American" (by whose courtesy we give the illustrations), Mr. Charles B. Brewer writes: "Much of the newspaper space given to golf plays on any certain course is wasted by a failure to state 'par' for the holes played. With it, the description is pleasantly followed. With a 'picture' which shows, first: the requirements; second: how nearly those requirements are met by actual performance; and third: an actual comparison of the playing of different players meeting the same requirements, any game may be readily visualised. Examine Hagen's picture-chart. Hagen had difficulty with hole No. 1 on three of his four rounds. The chart shows that five strokes were required for this par four hole on all three occasions. On the other hand, it may be seen by glancing up the eleventh column on Hagen's card that Hagen made hole No. 11, also a par four hole, twice at par and once less than par. The ten 'birdies' which, with the steadiness of his play, gave the 1928 British golf title to Walter Hagen are readily distinguishable by the upward rises shown on his card. Two are shown in his first round; the first for No. 5 hole, and the other for hole No. 11. Three 'birdies' follow in both the second and third rounds. Two in succession are shown in both these rounds—the fifteenth and sixteenth holes of the second round and the sixth and seventh of the third. The two added to the list when the fourth round was played gave him

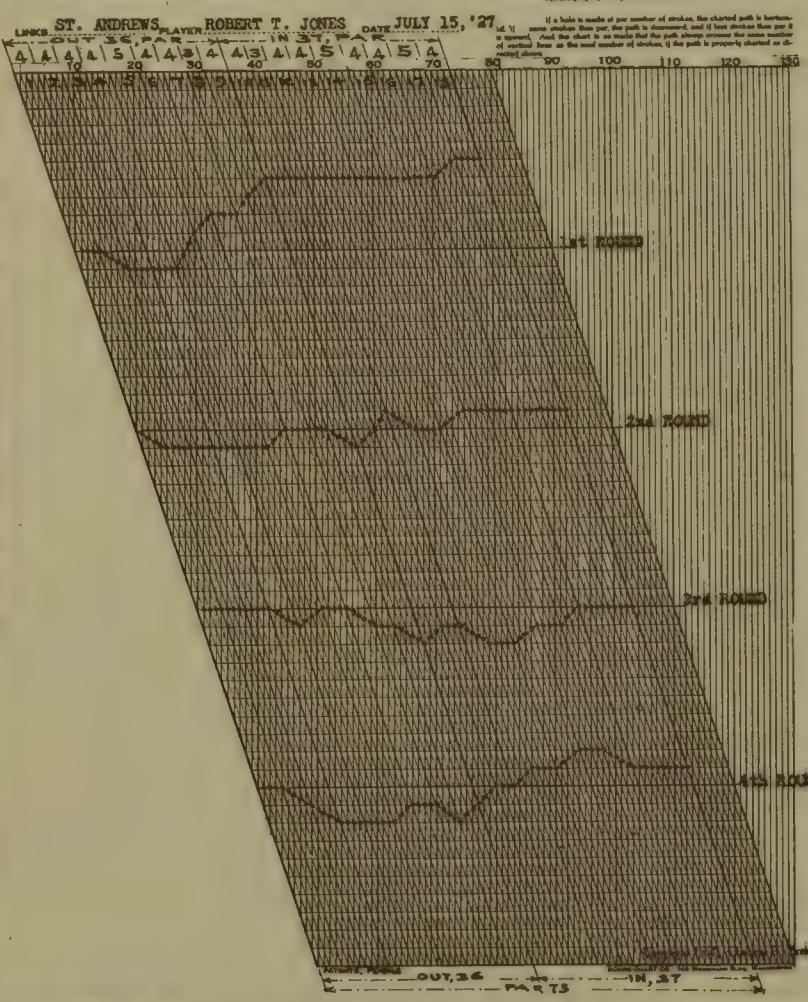
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Graphic Golf Scorecard



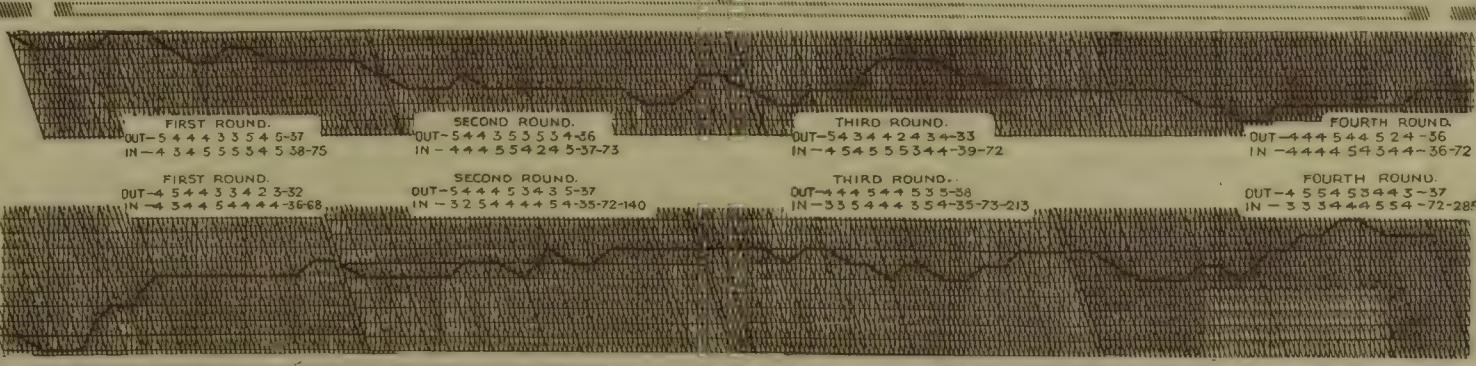
1. WALTER HAGEN'S WINNING SCORE IN THE BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT SANDWICH IN 1928: A CHART SHOWING HOLES DONE IN "PAR", MARKED HORIZONTALLY; IN LESS, SLANTING UPWARD; AND IN MORE, DOWNWARD.

Graphic Golf Scorecard



2. "BOBBIE" JONES'S WINNING SCORE IN THE BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT ST. ANDREWS IN 1927: GRAPHS MARKED ON A SIMILAR CHART WITH COLUMNS SUBDIVIDED INTO THE "PAR" SCORE OF EACH OF THE EIGHTEEN HOLES.

his par 72 for the round. The crowds which followed Bobbie Jones around St. Andrews in 1927 were soon rewarded. When he reached the fifth hole on his first round he played that par five hole in three strokes. The sharp incline shown on the chart at this point plainly marks the 'eagle.' This was immediately followed by a 'birdie,' then by a par play, to which were added two 'birdies' in succession. Thus fifteen strokes for what par asked twenty are shown on Jones's chart by the fifteen dots on that many vertical lines of the fifth to the ninth holes, inclusive. From the 'picture' of this part of the play, as shown in the illustrations, is readily distinguishable the most brilliant part of his golf which has made our 'Bobbie' Jones the admiration of two continents. He made this par 73 at 68 as against his notable playing of par 72 at 67 in his final round the following month—August 27, 1927—on the Minikahda links, when he won the American Amateur Golf Crown. His total score, however, at St. Andrews, was 285 for the par requirement of 292. How phenomenal was this playing is well illustrated by a comparison with the excellent playing shown by Hagen's chart, which records a total score of 292 for a par requirement of 288. A moment's glance at the charts will show them to be so simple that few will escape their meaning if the text has been read thus far. For the benefit of any who may not have so read, it may be added that the charting of a play (score) may be started on any horizontal lines which are crossed by a vertical line marked with a '10,' '20,' '30,' or '40,' in order to facilitate the count provided at top. The 10, 20, 30, or 40 is, of course, subtracted from the final figures. For a play one less than par, the line extends to the point where one line above crosses the next 'par' diagonal line; if two less, to the point where the second line above crosses the next 'par' line. Likewise, if the play is more than par, the line extends downward and meets the next 'par' diagonal line at a point where it is crossed by the first horizontal line below, if one more stroke than par is required. If two more strokes than par are required, the line extends to the second horizontal line below."



3. THE ABOVE TWO CHARTS (SHOWN IN NOS. 1 AND 2) OF THE SCORES OF AMERICAN WINNERS OF THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (IN 1927 AND 1928) PRESENTED IN A CONTINUOUS FORM, AND PLACED TOGETHER FOR COMPARISON: (ABOVE) WALTER HAGEN'S SCORE AT SANDWICH IN 1928; (BELOW) "BOBBIE" JONES'S SCORE IN 1927 AT ST. ANDREWS.



MANY people have experienced the annoyance of a smashed pair of spectacles during a country week-end. The result in my own case has been to turn my thoughts to the development of these indispensable adjuncts of civilisation, not so much from the point of view of science (a highly specialised and abstruse study), but as showing the

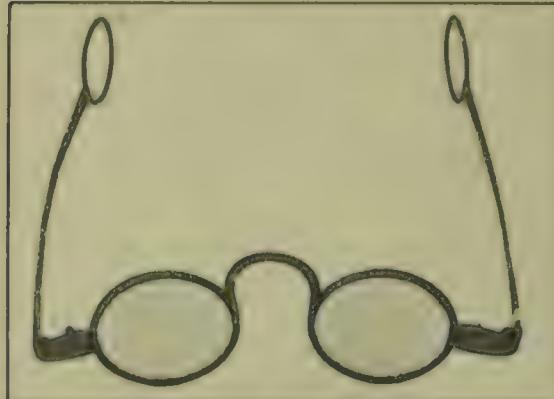


FIG. 1. A PAIR OF CROMWELLIAN IRON SPECTACLES: AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO THE GOLD PAIR IN FIG. 3.

various changes of fashion and manners down the centuries.

Even if one restricts the subject to these somewhat narrow limits, the range of material to be investigated is extraordinary. There are the actual spectacles themselves; there are the makers' advertisements and notices; there are books by specialists; finally, there are paintings and prints. One cannot hope in a short article to do more than indicate to would-be collectors a line of approach.

It seems that the spectacle-making industry began in the Netherlands, and spread thence to Germany, France, and Spain. Bone was largely used as the material for the mounts, then horn, then leather, and finally metal. Visitors to the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House two years ago will doubtless remember several examples in pictures by Quentin Matsys and his contemporaries. A seventeenth-century portrait by the Spanish painter Pacheco, belonging to Sir Herbert Cook, and a marvellous El Greco in the Havemeyer Collection, New York—the portrait of the Grand Inquisitor de Guevara—dating from about 1596, show two

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : OLD SPECTACLES, FROM THE HAMBLIN COLLECTION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ground. We are able to point to evidence of as clear a character as the following, quoted from J. Marshall's shop print of about 1694: "He also makes very neat Leather Frames for Spectacles, which are not subject to break as Horn or Tortois Shell." This leather-frame fashion seems to have been introduced from the Continent quite early—anyway,



FIG. 2. SHOWING HOW THE HINGED SPECTACLES SHOWN IN FIG. 3 WERE WORN, WITH ENDS OVER THE WIG INSTEAD OF BEHIND THE EARS: "LES LUNETTES"—A PRINT AFTER L. BOILLY (1761-1845).

they were known there in the sixteenth century—and it is reasonable to guess that they reached England long before this date (1694), but we have no definite knowledge of their manufacture here before then. The fashion did not last, and collectors have here an opportunity of finding something of very great

behind the ears. Their proper use is seen in Fig. 2, a reproduction of a Boilly print. This proves definitely that the ends were hinged to go over the wig. It must be remembered that most eighteenth-century spectacles are fixed to the temples, and not behind the ears. It is easy to imagine the discomfort of having to remove one's wig in order to remove one's glasses. (Towards the end of the sixteenth century the Spaniards used to attach the spectacles by means of threads wound round the ears.) Fig. 4 shows a pair in tortoiseshell about a hundred years old. They are beautifully made, and fold over into a little case the size of a watch. The same idea is

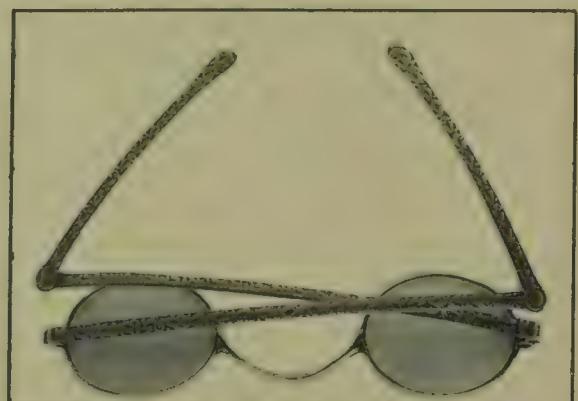


FIG. 3. HINGED, FOR USE WITH A WIG: A PAIR OF BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GOLD SPECTACLES.

on the market to-day, with the addition that the two temple supports are extended and fold over by means of hinges.

Spectacle-makers, in spite of modern methods and modern haste, have inherited the tradition of fine craftsmanship which was responsible for the beautiful work of Figs. 3 and 4, and it is rather surprising to learn that frames are still being made with as much care as ever they were in the eighteenth century. Collectors of furniture would be hard put to it if they were asked to point to modern cabinet-work which is as fine and as honest as the best of a hundred and fifty years ago.

Fig. 5—two quizzers—is a memory of an elegant, swaggering world when a man of fashion was necessarily a fop. These two examples, very prettily made in gold, date from about 1780 or so: one can think of them as direct descendants of Nero's emerald—did the Emperor, by the way, merely use the stone to protect his eye from the glare of the sun? They are specimens from a large class

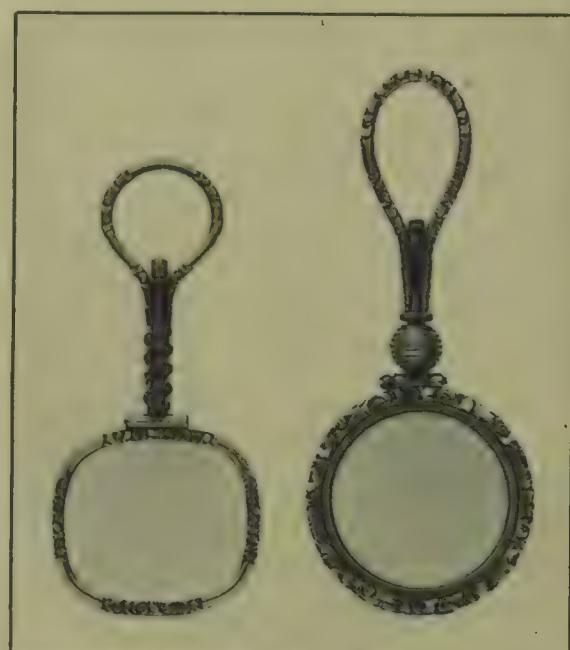


FIG. 4. MADE TO FOLD INTO A LITTLE CASE THE SIZE OF A WATCH: A PAIR OF TORTOISESHELL SPECTACLES ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

types of horn-rimmed spectacles. There is, in short, no lack of this sort of contemporary evidence. Nor must one omit to mention what are surely the best-known and best-loved pair of tortoiseshells in the world of art—those worn by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his famous self-portrait.

Now, as regards the early history of the spectacle trade in this country, evidence is scanty. The business was important enough to justify the foundation of the Spectacle Makers Company in 1629; but all the books of the Company were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. After that we are on surer

FIG. 5. "DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF NERO'S EMERALD": TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY "QUIZZERS"—RELICS OF A SWAGGERING WORLD WHEN A MAN OF FASHION WAS NECESSARILY A FOP.

interest, for there is no English specimen of these leather mountings in any collection.

Fig. 1 shows a pair of Cromwellian spectacles in iron which form an interesting contrast to the beautifully engraved pair in gold of Fig. 3. At first sight these latter look as if they were hinged to fix



FIG. 6. ONLY PERMISSIBLE TO A MAN OVER FORTY OR A GRANDFATHER: KOREAN HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES OF CHA CHI (TEA-STONE), PROBABLY ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

of elaborate and delightful toys which deserve a page to themselves.

Finally, Fig. 6 is a pair of Korean spectacles, which may very well be about a hundred years old. The frames are of horn and are fitted with Cha Chi, or tea-stone, for snow or sun. Korea, under Japanese tutelage, is now probably as advanced as many another Far Eastern country. When these spectacles were made, however, a Korean gentleman might only wear them (and/or a moustache) if he were over forty years of age or a grandfather.

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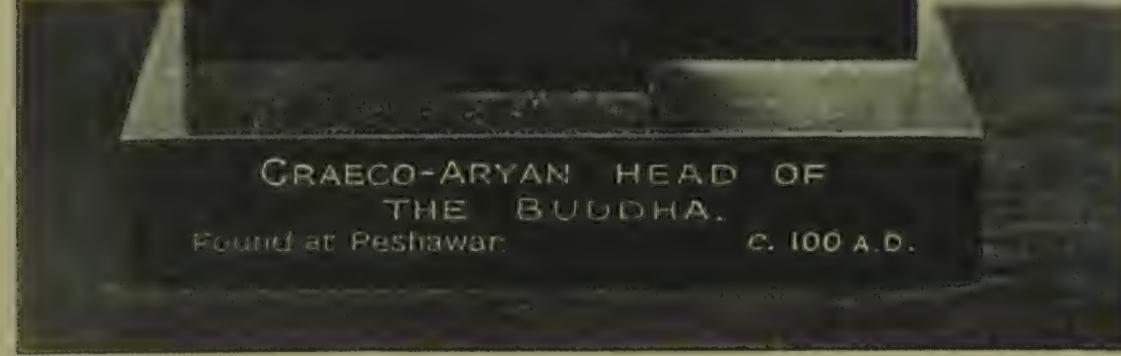
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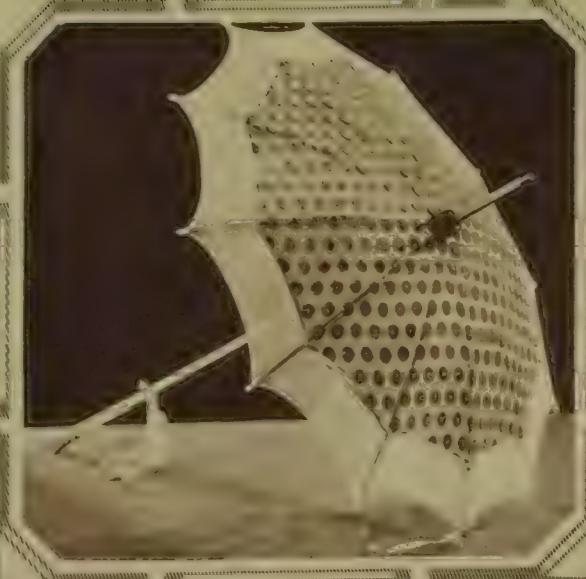
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Amusing little dots of chenille are appliquéd on this attractive sunshade for Ranelagh and Ascot from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.



A charming two-piece ensemble for fashionable afternoon functions, carried out in beige silk lace and georgette. The frock is made with a bolero effect, and the unusual coat is pictured opposite.

Collars and cuffs of real nutria decorate this coat of pinky-beige cloth, which is completed with a frock in plissé crêpe de Chine of the same nuance. At the Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, W.



A flat panel of georgette makes a most effective back to this lace and georgette coat collared with fur, which accompanies the charming frock shown opposite. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.



The cut of the shoe is as important as the line of the frock, and shoes by Manfields, of 170, Regent Street, W., are flawless in design. Those above are carried out in patent leather and red lizard, in brocade, and in suède.



The smart woman this season must inevitably possess a bag and scarf to match. Here is a group of the very latest ideas, from Woollards, Knightsbridge, S.W., carried out in embroidered kasha and in striped boucllette.

OUR NEW ELECTORATE



MISS INFATUATION

'It would kill poor Papa if the Country went Red,
'Yet I mean to vote Communist,' Imogen said.
'My home and allowance are nothing to me
'Since I sat next Bert Hunks at a Bolshevik Tea !

'His face is unshaven, but earnest and thin,
'If he seizes the Banks a New World will begin;
'Though Papa may be penniless—think what a joke
'When Abdulla's Delight is the Communal Smoke.'

F. R. HOLMES.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP." AT THE NEW.

IN "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," those two popular humourists, Messrs. Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse, have successfully joined hands in providing a jolly little farcical comedy that should fill the New Theatre for some time to come. A romp of a play it is, in which two of those eccentric young types which Mr. Wodehouse's fancy delights to create—a frequenter of night clubs and an actress whom he has met there—bring excitement and liveliness to a country parish. The boy disguises himself as the vicar, and the actress masquerades as an archdeacon. The hero's aim is to marry the real vicar's prim but agreeable daughter, while the actress has for fiancé a poet who, in pique at her pranks, brings down his landlady's daughter to the vicarage with the view of an immediate marriage. In the end the impostors are exposed by an elderly peer; but he, in his turn, while sitting on the bench, is exposed as an elderly reprobate who, in the guise of Father Christmas, had made love to the actress at a night club. So the two adventurers capture their right mates at last. It is all very good fun, in the course of which Mr. Henry Kendall shows abounding vivacity as hero; Miss Clarice Hardwicke hides her charm and humour too long under the garb of a clerical dignitary who has lost his voice; and Mr. Reginald Gardiner makes the poet amusingly Georgian.

"COO-EE." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The big first-night success in "Coo-ee" was scored by two performers whose names were not down on the programme. These, it seems, were De Haven and Nice, an American pair: their burlesque ballet turn roused their audience to an unusual display of enthusiasm. But of course they were not the "only pebbles on the beach"; it just happened that an excellent cast had not had, apart from them, too good opportunities in the first part of the show. Happily, there was plenty of liveliness in the second half of

the revue, and Miss Dorothy Dickson was able to signalise her return with some delightful moments. Her share in a tango, her graceful slow dance with Mr. Claude Hulbert, and her part in a desert island dialogue, with which he is associated—to say nothing of her challenging song, "I Want that Man"—are things for grateful remembrance. Mr. Hulbert is brisk in all his work, and dances a capital hornpipe; Mr. Stanley Holloway supplies a droll North-Country recitation; and Mr. Billy Bennett serves up humour, new and old, with confident gusto. When the first half of "Coo-ee" has been made as good as the second, it will take a lot of beating in its kind.

"THE GAREY DIVORCE CASE." AT THE COURT.

It is very much like the real thing, this "Garey Divorce Case." Leo Garey has gone to a Jermyn Street hotel with Arthur Capping, a disreputable admirer of hers. Neither she nor he had slept at home. Do you wonder that Peter, the husband, started divorce proceedings? We see Leo under cross-examination. Dressed in black, she is haughty, indignant, savage in her answers, and then suddenly breaks down and makes a full confession. The jury spring a surprise on us by giving a verdict in her favour, and the last act proves at some length that they were right. Whether you will like this circumstantial story or yawn over it, depends on how much you like trial scenes on the stage. But there will be no question about your liking the superb virtuosity of Miss Isabel Jeans (whose husband, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, has written the play) in the heroine's rôle. Mr. Carson as petitioner, Mr. Hobbs as "co," and Mr. Felix Aylmer and Mr. Allan Jeayes as counsel, give her loyal support. Hers, however, is the acting; and it is acting that is worth going far to see.

"THE SHADOW OF THE EAST." AT THE STRAND.

An Amir of a country somewhere in the East discovers that an Englishman of blackguardly type has had a meeting with the favourite of his harem. He takes his revenge on the Englishman's wife. Her child is kidnapped, and the price of the child's recovery

is that she shall spend a night in his harem. She agrees, and the Amir behaves as chivalrously as the host of *Monna Vanna*. But there is no mercy shown to the recreant Englishman. That is the story of "The Shadow of the East," a play from the French, adapted by Virginia and Frank Vernon. There are too many moments in this piece when grandiloquencies of phrase and extravagances of action provoke titters instead of respectful attention. If decoration could make up for other defects, then Mr. Dulac's delightful dresses and scenery should atone, backed up as they are by alluring dances and all the apparatus of Eastern luxury. Mr. Franklin Dyall, too, puts subtlety and picturesqueness into his study of the chivalrous Amir. But, though Miss Mary Merrall does her best to harrow our feelings over the ordeal of the heroine, somehow the thrill does not come off.

"LA VIE PARISIENNE." AT HAMMERSMITH.

The wise playgoer will not look so pleasant a gift-horse as "La Vie Parisienne" too closely in the mouth. Here, the purist might remark, is neither Offenbach's score as he left it, nor the story to which he wrote his music, and the complaint would be quite true. But, in view of results, does it greatly matter? If Mr. Davies Adams has touched up the score, it is only to bring out the better the colour and melody of Offenbach's airs, and there is no sensible person who would not prefer the sparkling libretto which Mr. A. P. Herbert has supplied to the out-of-date affair of *Meilhac*. Mr. Herbert pokes fun in his story at the average English family of the 'sixties on a Continental tour. From their arrival at the Gare du Nord, to their last adventure in a milliner's shop, *Paterfamilias* and his brood provide screams of laughter, and are given many droll things to say as well as to do; while the dresses, of course, in which Miss Yootha Rose and Mrs. Lovat Fraser have had a hand, are an endless delight. But it is on Offenbach's music that Sir Nigel Playfair's latest experiment has to rely ultimately for its success, and that music stands the test. There are good individual performances from Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, Miss Burgis,

[Continued on page 5.]



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THREE MEN AND THE WAR.

(Continued from Page 756.)

observer from the West Indies, did a pretty good piece of work. His pilot (the man who was half a Frenchman) was shot and killed by a Hun. As the machine was falling out of control, D. climbed out of his seat, got on to the wing, sat on the dead pilot's knee with

probation, very young and inexperienced. Wonderful luck, of course, but what nerve and pluck! He had fought the Hun with his machine-gun and beaten him off."

"L.M. 8046": At Fort Vaux, Verdun. "The inside of the casemate looked like Goya's picture of a madhouse. No room to lie down and no benches to sit on, we squatted on our heels. Here and there a smoky kerosene lamp lit up a group of faces, hollow-eyed, gaunt. We had to relight the lamps continually as the concussion of direct hits blew them out. Periodically the silence in the room was broken by a shout from the man nearest the door: 'Sentinel's killed! Send up another!' Then a slight commotion as the next man on the list groped his way to the door and almost certain death." And: "I left the fort and wandered back to the 'Maison Blanche,' a clearing station, hoping for a ride on the running-board of an ambulance to *Faubourg Pavé*. The house was dark, but from somewhere in the back came low moans. Groping my way along, I opened a door and stepped into a mediæval torture chamber. On the floor writhed a huge black Moroccan, held down by four *infirmiers*. The sweat of agony was on him. His eyes rolled white—he groaned through his clenched teeth—bright red blood gushed over his black skin from a ragged wound in the groin. Two white-coated surgeons worked with fiendish intensity. And flickering candles threw grotesque, reaching shadows on the ceiling. . . . The post had evidently run out of morphia. Thirty yards down the road I saw the house go up in splinters as a salvo of heavy shells struck home." That is nothing to the greater part of the rest.

"All Quiet on the Western Front": "Shells hardly ever land in the same hole twice. I'll get into it. With one bound I fling myself down and lie on the earth as flat as a fish; there it whistles again, quickly I crouch together, claw for cover, feel something on the left, shove in beside it, it gives way, I groan, the earth leaps, the blast thunders in my ears, I creep under the yielding thing, cover myself with it, draw it over me, it is wood, cloth, cover, cover, miserable cover against the whizzing splinters. I open my eyes—my fingers grasp a sleeve, an arm. A wounded man? I yell to him—no answer—a dead man. My hand gropes farther, splinters of wood—now I remember again that we are lying in the graveyard. But the shelling is stronger than everything. It wipes

out the sensibilities. I merely crawl still deeper into the coffin, it should protect me, and especially as Death himself lies in it too."

That also is nothing!

Everything, every awful thing, is in the three books. A certain amount of it in the first; the remainder in the others—the shattered dead, who are at least at peace; wounded crying to be "put out"; wounded whimpering, moaning, calm, twisting in agony, mad with pain; wounded who will never see again, never walk, never stretch out hand, never be sane; the living in a hell of squalor, hunger, nightmare, lice, rats, weariness, bombardment, bombing, wiring,



MADAME POMPADOUR IN 1929.

A parade of beautiful women, including Madame Pompadour, took place in the middle of the anniversary dinner of the Regent Street Association held recently. This Association has bound itself to keep Regent Street one of the finest streets in the world, both as a shopping centre and architecturally.

one leg hanging out, and, though he could not reach the rudder, landed the machine undamaged behind our trenches. He is only an observer on



AN AMUSING SNAPSHOT: BARON ROSENBRANTZ'S PEDIGREE CHAMPION POINTER "POINTING"—TO THE BEST!

The pointer, it will be noticed, is "pointing" for a bottle of Buchanan's whisky! The photograph comes from Denmark.

trenching, aerial dog-fights, bayoneting, raid, attack, counter-raid, and counter-attack. Executions; spies. Stricken horses: "it is the moaning of the world, it is the martyred creation, wild with anguish, filled with terror, and groaning." Gas. Miserably brave recruits. Philosophic fatalism. Lust for women. The hospital and its "death-room." With courage, comradeship—and "fraternising"! And: "From the German lines, on the crest across the valley . . . a long wolf-like howl, half-human, half-beast—derision, triumph, and revenge straight back across the ages from ape-man and wolf-pack. They had found out that Vetman was a deserter."

E. H. G.



"This is a branch of Cherry Blossom from our garden. Daddy says that when the Cherry Blossom is out, our garden looks as bright as our shoes, which always look lovely, because we use Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

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being made from the finest wax gives a waterproof brilliance to shoes which protects the feet from the damp.

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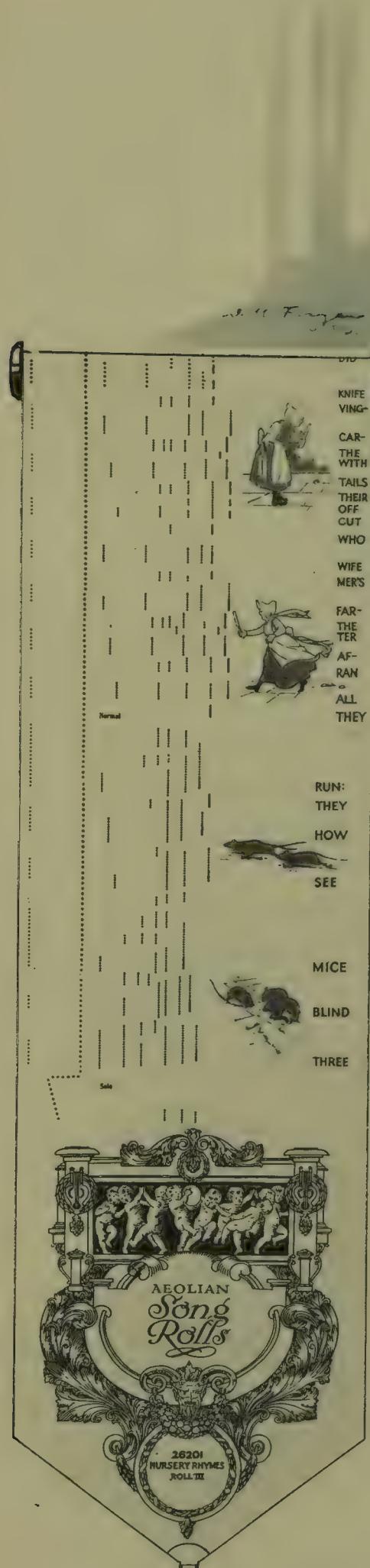
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What an academy of "problem" exhibits the cloak-room must present to any but the experienced collector of hats. But he is a connoisseur—detecting at once from a numbered head-piece, those many characteristics which are so accurately revealed by the owner.

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Continued.

as a rule associate with

eight-cylinder engines, even when they come from America. The engine is a new departure for this factory, in having overhead valves operated by push-rods and rockers; but in other respects the general lay-out of the engine bears a family resemblance to the four-cylinder models. The bore and stroke are 63 by 105, which gives a cubic content of over two-and-a-half litres, and a tax rating of £20. The brake horse-power is stated to be 58.

Some Features.

Ignition is by Delco Remy coil and distributor, and the carburettor is of the

Zenith pump type, mounted below the exhaust manifold, so as to provide a hot spot. The crank-shaft is carried in five bearings, and has a vibration damper fitted at its front end. Cooling is described as "pump-assisted thermo-siphon" with a fan. An interesting point is the fitting of shutters in front of the radiator controlled by a thermostat. The four-speed gearbox has a top-speed ratio of 5.25 to 1, a third of 8.16 to 1, a second of 13.5 to 1, and a first of 21 to 1. It is controlled from the right-hand side as in the 14-h.p. model. The chassis is a good solid job, having two impressive cross bars between the gear-box and the back axle, and a deep frame section. The frame is upswept, and the springs are underslung, thus bringing the centre of gravity commendably low. The whole is a sturdy and workmanlike job.

Comfortable Coachwork.

The saloon body of the car I tried was particularly comfortable in the back seat, the cushions being set at the right angle for full support. I think the accommodation in front could be increased with advantage. It seemed to me that the comfort here had been to a certain extent sacrificed to that behind. The upholstery is good, and the general finish sound without being ostentatious. I was impressed with the excellent clear view to be had by the driver when reversing—a point not too often found in modern saloons. The engine runs very quietly when idle, and reasonably so when pulling at high speeds. It was not absolutely free of vibration from about 38 miles an hour onwards, but this was scarcely noticeable. The pull is decidedly elastic, and at 45 miles an hour or so the car drives very comfortably. The action of the clutch, as in the other Hillman, is pleasantly light and easy, and gear-changing can be quickly and noiselessly accomplished. Third and second speeds, it seemed to me, make more noise than in the 1927 14-h.p. model.

I took the Hillman up Pebblecombe Hill, which has a gradient of 1 in 6 at the top. With two up the speed dropped to 19 miles an hour, according to the speedometer, on second gear. The long pull up to Burgh Heath from Ewell called for third speed, but on that the engine was well over its work. I do not know what maximum speed is claimed, but I was

able to get 60 miles an hour on a favourable stretch without any difficulty, and, judging from the behaviour of the engine, I should say that this was about its comfortable maximum, although I dare say a little more could be got under pressure.

The steering is extremely light, although, to my taste, too low-gearaged. This, however, is a popular feature in these days of big tyres, and it certainly makes the car pleasant to handle at moderate speeds round difficult bends. At higher speeds cornering is good, and the car holds the road well. The best point about the car, I thought, was the four-wheel brake set, which combines power with smoothness and lightness of operation. It is assisted by vacuum servo, and is among the best I have come across in the new cars of the year.

J. PRIOLEAU.



A NEW YACHTING TROPHY: THE MORGAN CHALLENGE CUP.

The trophy here illustrated has been presented to the Royal Thames Yacht Club by Mr. J. J. Morgan as a challenge cup to be raced for by cruising yachts. The conditions of contest are certainly interesting, and can be had upon application to the Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club. The trophy, which is in sterling silver, is most modern in conception and presents some unique features in design. Graceful in outline and proportion, with symbolic decoration beautifully modelled and chased in relief, this trophy is a fine example of modern design and craftsmanship, and is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.I.



ONE OF A SET OF 16 HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS FROM GUERNSEY RECENTLY SOLD FOR 1450 GUINEAS.

We regret to find that an error occurred in our description of a mahogany Hepplewhite elbow chair illustrated in our issue of April 20. The information supplied stated: "It was a chair such as this that, bought by a Guernsey family for a pound or so each, produced 1450 guineas for 14 at Christie's last season," and we inadvertently described it as actually one of the set. Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, of 44-52, New Oxford Street, have since written to us: "We hasten to point out that if this chair refers to the 16 chairs from Hauteville House, Guernsey, which were bought by Mr. Harris at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, of King Street, St. James's, the chair illustrated is not one of the set to which we refer." By the courtesy of Messrs. Harris we now illustrate above one of the actual set of chairs from Guernsey.

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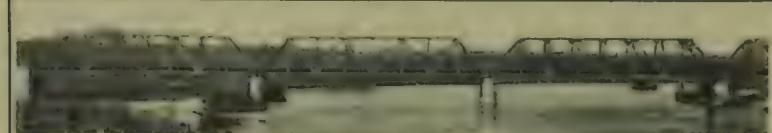
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

THOUGH there are many motor-cruisers unregistered both in this country and America, sufficient figures are available to prove that in the latter country holidays afloat are more popular than in this. If asked the cause, the average yachtsman will repeat the excuse that Americans are richer, that their sheltered waters are better, that their weather is kinder, and their population greater—anything, in fact, rather than admit that this country has not awakened to its own possibilities in this respect. I blame the home yacht-yards for this state of affairs, for the American motor-car trade might have used the same arguments when their roads did not exist whilst England's were good, instead of which they set to work to overcome their difficulties rather than make excuses.

The comparison is not quite perfect, as I do not admit, for instance, that the sheltered waters of Scotland or the south-west of England are inferior to those of America, or that Britain's weather is worse. I argue that the possibilities of travel in small boats have never been put before people in this country in the proper way. It surprises me often how many ask where they could keep a boat if they bought one, and where they could go in it during a week-end: yet thousands journey to Brighton and do not appear to know that it possesses a port at Shoreham where yachts and motor-boats may be kept in safety.

Shoreham Harbour is at the mouth of the River Adur, the bed of which forms its western end, whilst it extends to the east past Southwick and Portslade to West Hove. The port suffered badly during the war, so improvements became impossible owing to lack of money; but in the past few years its trade has increased sufficiently to permit the adoption of a policy which should make it a popular resort for marine caravanners.

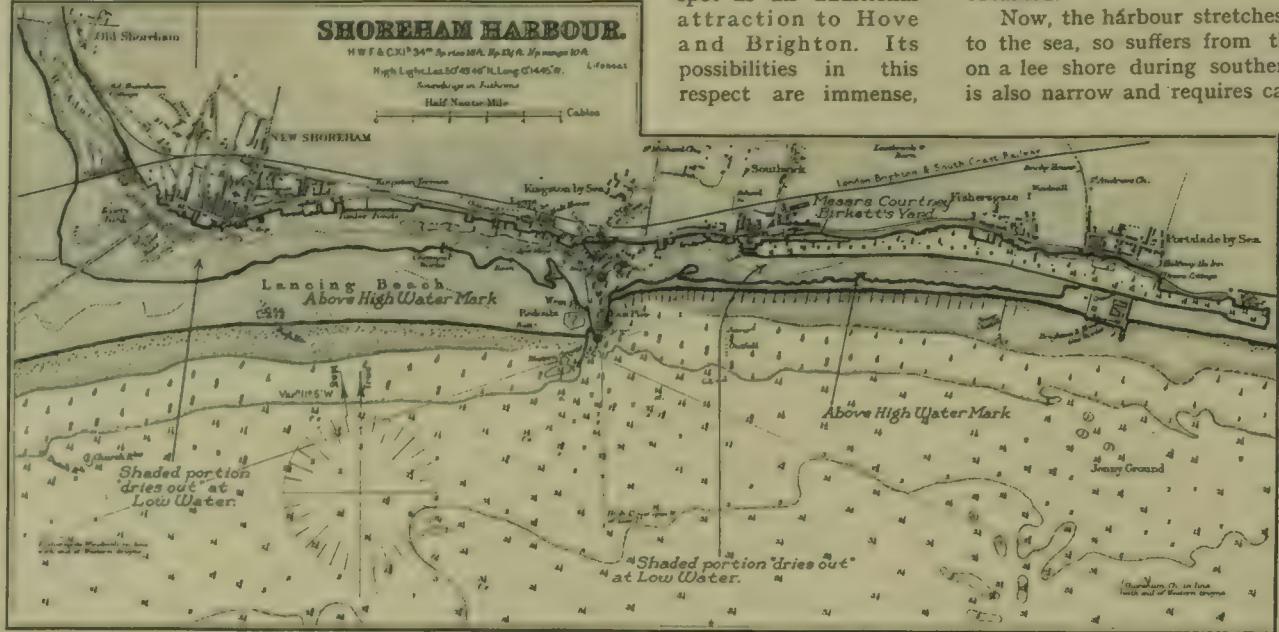
If these waters were owned by our neighbours across the Channel, they would have been converted long ago into a beauty spot as an additional attraction to Hove and Brighton. Its possibilities in this respect are immense,

consideration. It lies in a central position between the east and south-west coastal resorts, and at a distance from the French coast which will permit week-end visits to be made to that country. Several boat-yards exist, amongst which that of Messrs. Courtney Birkett is one of the best-placed, for it is at Southwick immediately beyond the lock; good berthing arrangements for vessels up to ninety feet long are available alongside jetties at a low cost, in close proximity to the railway station. There is also a free wharf at Shoreham and in the basin at Aldrington, where fresh water may be obtained.

Now, the harbour stretches east and west parallel to the sea, so suffers from the drawback of being on a lee shore during southerly winds; its entrance is also narrow and requires care to negotiate, for the tide sets across it.

My advice, therefore, to strangers is that they should write to the Harbour Master for information before they pay their first visit, and that they call on him personally on arrival, as is the custom of the sea. By this act endless trouble may be avoided, and a berth will be allotted which local knowledge knows to be best suited to the vessel, and many other difficulties overcome. It has become far too

common amongst owners of small yachts to run into a harbour and pick up a berth without first consulting the authorities; it is neither wise nor seaman-like to act in such a casual manner, and it has resulted frequently in subsequent damage to the vessel caused by passing traffic. This warning applies in particular to Shoreham, where the traffic in certain parts is considerable, although it may be absent in others.



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for its eastern arm, which extends for nearly two miles from the lock at Southwick to west Hove, permits vessels to lie afloat at all states of the tide, and is protected from the north winds by a steep bank which might well be converted into ornamental gardens.

For the Londoner in search of an easily accessible base at which to keep his boat, Southwick, with its good train service, is well worth

Colonel Stewart writes:

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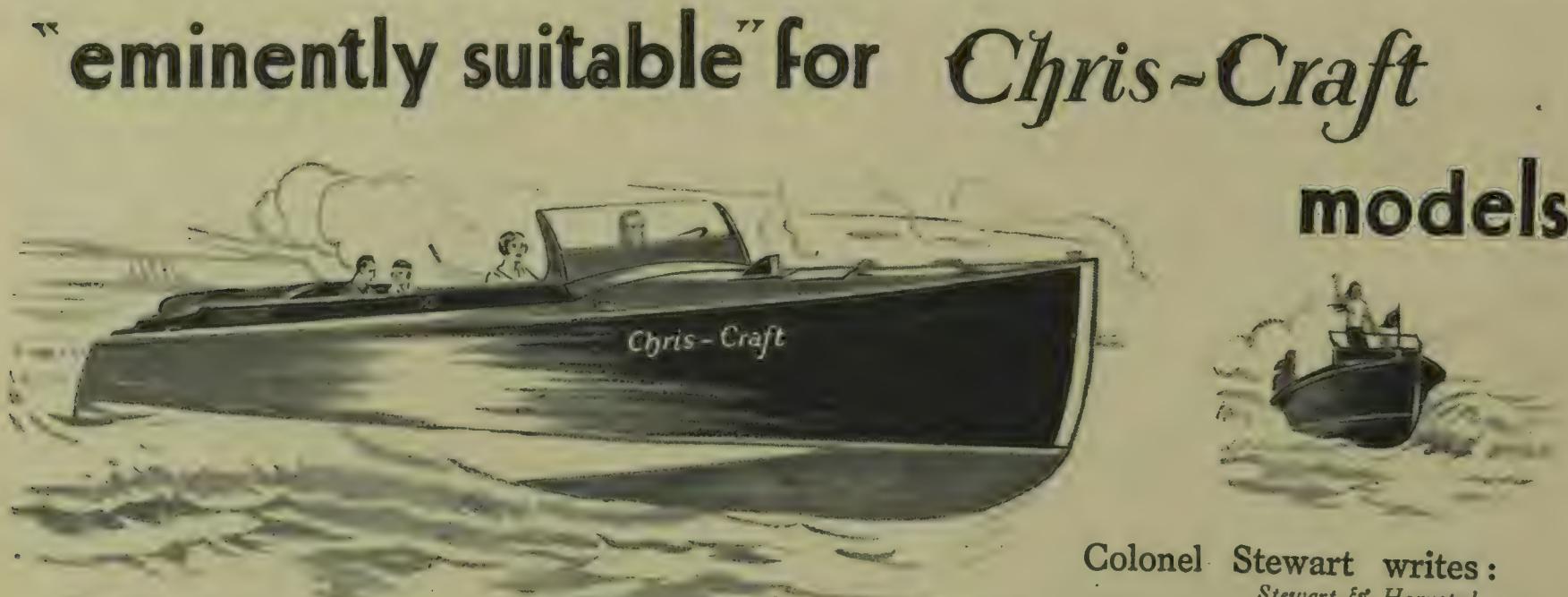
I am writing to tell you that since the 19th June I have been running a model 3 Chris-Craft at Clacton, using your Double Shell oil and spirit. During this period the boat has covered over 11,000 miles, and has never given any mechanical trouble. I largely attribute this to the excellence of this oil; and I consider that it is eminently suitable as a lubricant for high-speed marine engines.

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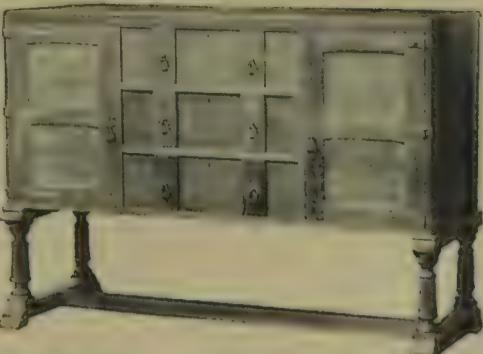
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THE PLAYHOUSES—[Continued from page 776.]

Mr. Herbert Langley, and Mr. Lucas, but it is the champagne of Offenbach, still with plenty of fizz in it, that helps Sir Nigel most to pull off his joke.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE." AT DALY'S.

Mr. Harry Welchman's was the great success in "The Lady of the Rose" six years ago at Daly's, and therefore it is a pleasure to have him once more playing, and once more scoring, in his rôle of Colonel Belovar, a really admirable piece of character-acting. Another survivor of the original cast is Mr. Huntley Wright, whose resources of humour seem as inexhaustible as ever. The melodies of M. Jean Gilbert's score have not lost their freshness, and, with a leading lady revealing so pleasant a vocal range and so attractive a personality as does Miss Marjery Wyn, in Miss Phyllis Dare's old part, they make all their old appeal. There is a good soubrette in Miss Greta Fayne, and there is welcome rhythm and pace about the whole performance.

"ROPE." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

"Rope," by Patrick Hamilton, despite the official camouflage that it is "suggested by De Quincey," and despite its characters' quotation of the Nietzschean phrase, "living dangerously," is just a stage-setting of the Leopold and Loeb murder atrocity, which sent a shock all through America. In this play, two undergraduates, having murdered an innocent lad for fun and excitement, invite the father and deaf aunt of their victim, with decadent friends of their own, to supper, the meal being served on a chest in which lies the poor boy's dead body. A crippled poet in the end makes discovery of the crime. Those who enjoy supping on horrors in the theatre may find thrills to their taste in "Rope," but they will need strong stomachs to stand this farce. Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Anthony Ireland, and Mr. Brian Aherne provide some wonderfully good acting.

CHESS.
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Interesek House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXI.

[rsb3kr; pppapp; 1b6; 3q1; 3p2; Q4S; PPP2KPP; R1B1R3—White to mate in four.]

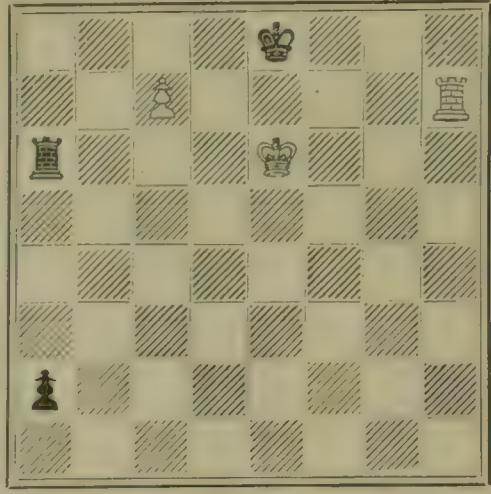
The ending is from a game Richardson versus Delmar, played at the Manhattan Chess Club in 1885, and the process was as follows:

12. KtB6ch P x Kt
13. QB8ch K x Q
14. BR6ch K Ktsq
15. RK8mate.

White's ninth move (QQ3) was, as an American solver puts it, a "whizz."

GAME PROBLEM No. XXII.

BLACK (3 pieces).



WHITE (3 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 4k3; 2P4R; r3K3; 8; 8; 8; p7; 8.]

White to play and win.

The above position is taken from Dr. Scherer's new book, "Chesslets," and is the ending of a game in which Boguljubow was White and Sir George Thomas Black. The Russian master is very badly treated by Dr. Scherer, who spells his name in three different ways, and immortalises one of his few blunders. White was in check, and

not seeing any way of avoiding the "perpetual," agreed to a draw. Dr. Alekhine then showed how White could have won, and we wonder if our readers can give the method, remembering that Black can give up the rook if his pawn queens checking.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 4041 and 4042 from R E Broughall Woods (Chilanga) and J H E Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.); of No. 4044 from Gan Khek Keng, and George Parbury (Singapore); C Chapman (Modderfontein), D Cleverley Stein (East Orange, N.J.); Victor Holtan (Oshkosh), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); J W Smedley (Brooklyn), John Hannan (Newburgh), and George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4045 from Antonio Ferreira (Porto), J West (Balmoral), E J Gibbs (East Ham), A Edmeston (Llandudno), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4046 from E Pinkney (Driffield), J M K Lupton (Richmond), L W Cafferata (Newark), H Burgess (St. Leonards), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E G Balfour (Bournemouth), A Edmeston (Llandudno), H Richards (Brighton), P J Wood (Wakefield), and Antonio Ferreira (Porto).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM XVI. received from H H Shepherd (Madras)—Solution should read 3. — KB2; of XVIII, from J H E Jarvis (Pukehou); of XIX from Gan Khek Keng (Singapore); of XX, from Chas. Willing (Philadelphia), A Edmeston (Llandudno), Victor Holtan (Oshkosh), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), Julio Mond (Seville), H Richards (Brighton), and C Chapman (Modderfontein); and of XXI, from L W Cafferata (Newark), A Edmeston (Llandudno), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), R S (Melrose), H Richards (Brighton), Julio Mond (Seville), A G Z (New York), M Heath (London), Chas. Willing (Philadelphia), V Holtan (Oshkosh), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), and D Hamblen (Newton, Mass.).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN D SPRING (Montreal).—We welcome you to our list of solvers, but in Problem No. 4045, KtK6 is defeated by BKT2.

F L STACEY (Southsea).—You underestimate Mr. B G Laws' problem, and if you examine it you will find several interesting variations.

Mr. Laws is, and has been for two generations, one of our most expert composers, and even in 1880 would not have perpetrated the enormity you suggest. Look again!

HERBERT PRICE (Pretoria).—Thank you for the galaxy. We only give original and unpublished problems in the I.L.N., and shall be very pleased to consider such if you send them.

C CHAPMAN (Modderfontein).—Difficulty is always a matter of opinion, and we should not care to commit ourselves.

S HOMER (Toulon).—The two-er seems to be cooked by 1PQ8(Kt). We wish you a speedy recovery.

AN AMUSING NEW CHESS BOOK.

We have received from Printing-Craft, 34, Red Lion Street, W.C.1, a copy of Dr. Scherer's curiously named "Chesslets." As Mr. W. H. Watts remarks in his Introduction, it will be welcomed by the player to whom Chess is a recreation only. The games are annotated with quotations from poets and philosophers of all the ages, and, except for a few slips of the pen, they are accurate, apt, and amusing. There is a good collection of the author's problems, and a very interesting chapter on stalemate in master-play. The letterpress and diagrams have the clearness and elegance we expect from the publishers, and altogether Dr. Scherer's "Comicbudget" is well worth the six shillings it costs.

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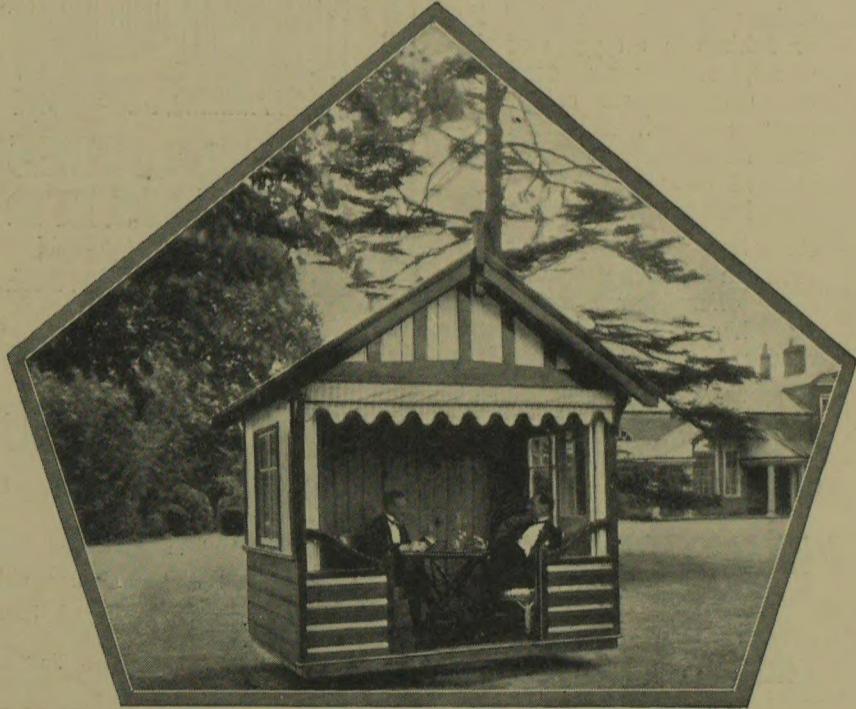
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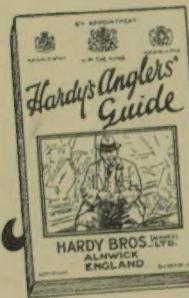
AN International Travel Exhibition, under the popular title "Ideal Holidays," will be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, in June next. The organising manager is Miss Edith A. Browne, F.R.G.S., a pioneer of travel off the beaten track, who was for many years associated with the organisation of the International Rubber Exhibitions held in London, New York, Brussels, and Paris. It is recognised that holidays form a necessary part of the life of to-day, and that large sums of money are spent on travel; but it has not yet been fully realised that propaganda for tourist attractions, the supply of holiday equipment, transport, hotels, and many other kindred businesses are merely different branches of one great industry. The object of the Exhibition is to bring the various branches of the tourist industry together under one roof for their mutual benefit, and thus provide a common meeting-ground for all interested in holidays and travel.

Avon tyres provided the latest example of their 100 per cent. efficiency in the Dunelt high-speed endurance test on the Montlhéry Track, Paris, on March 8 and following days. Throughout this officially observed test, during which 25,000 miles were completed in 23 consecutive days of continuous

running, the original Avon tyre on the front wheel was never changed, and at the end was in almost perfect condition. The rear wheel tyre was removed at 13,400 miles as a precautionary measure, though still serviceable for ordinary touring. The tyres used were standard Avon "Tricord" pattern. In order to appreciate the full significance of this test, it should be remembered that these sturdy British Avon tyres had no chance to cool. From the first hour they were hotter than ordinary running could ever make them, and were kept so for the whole 554 hours. Avon tyres have a competition record second to none. Six Tourist Trophies and over 3000 cups and first awards have been "won on Avons" since the war, and the performance above described is but one link in a long chain of Avon triumphs.

Mr. Gar Wood, in his *Miss America VII*, has succeeded in raising the record previously held by him for the fastest speed on water to 93.123 m.p.h. Mr. Gar Wood credits the Champion sparking-plug, with which his engine was equipped, with a very important part in attaining this terrific speed. Another interesting record was recently established by Malcolm Pope, in Florida. He attained the remarkable speed of 55.05 m.p.h. in his outboard motor-boat *Lookinback Kid*. His engine was also equipped with Champion sparking-plugs.

Vagabonds have ever been romantic figures, and who shall say that the man in the street does not sometimes envy them their wandering, care-free life? This perhaps explains the reason why so many professional and business men make tramping a hobby—why they seize on every opportunity of taking to the freedom of the open road and the delight of a vagabond existence. George Borrow was neither the first nor the last. In our own day there is Charles Coborn, the veteran comedian, who, in the course of his various tramps, has covered many hundreds of miles, including the 791 miles from London to John o' Groats. In spite of his seventy-six years, he arranged to start from London on April 29 to walk to Blackpool. Another interesting "tramp" is William Crowther, who has just completed a walk from London to John o' Groats, whence he will return to London, walking by way of the West Coast of Scotland and England. He has already walked from London to Land's End and back. However, whether he can be said to enjoy fully the "freedom" of a vagabond's life is a debatable question, since in all his walks he is burdened with a sandwich board advertising the Rolls Razor! But from this it may be deduced that the care-free life is so elevating, so conducive to a healthy condition, that tramps can undertake such feats, which might kill the enthusiasm of ordinary mortals.



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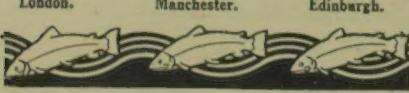
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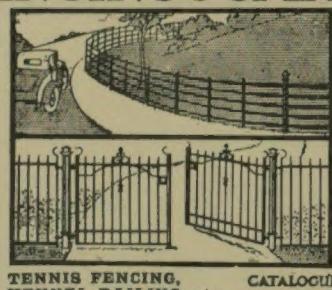
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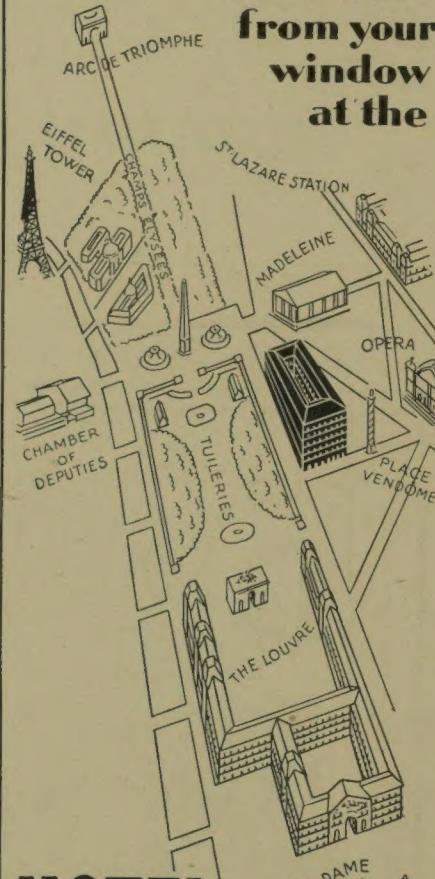
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